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Third Open Letter to Right Hon. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, G.C.M.G., P.C., President of the King's Privy Council in Canada.

"Consider well to whom you speak, of whom you speak, how, where, and when."

DEAR SIR WILFRID,—
When you journeyed to Rome, so dear to your traditions, eager to do homage to His Holiness and burning with anxiety to obtain his favor for your Administration, you doubtless visited that grand and gigantic ruin the Coliseum, and made mental note of the magnificence of the period that it recalls and the destructive methods its ruins represent. From the portals and buttresses of the giant walls which surrounded the arena and amphitheater, the Barbarians filched the reinforcements of iron, and forged the metal into swords and spears. The early Popes contributed to the destruction of the grand pile by removing much of the stonework and ornamentation that they might build palaces for themselves and edifices for the Church. Unless you visited the Coliseum in a priestly conducted party, your guide would make for you, as he makes for all other strangers, the joke that "what was not done for the destruction of the Coliseum by the Barbarians was done by the Barberinis," the latter being the family of one of the most aggressive of early Popes. In this Coliseum you doubtless had pointed out to you the imperial gallery in which the Emperor sat, and beneath which the gladiators appeared before fighting to death in the arena and with a loud voice exclaimed, "Te morituri salutamus!"

To-day we not of your race and religion, in Canada, feel that we are being called before the imperial box of a partially destroyed edifice not built by you or yours, and appreciating the grimness of the Roman jest that such of it as has not been destroyed by the barbarians of politics is being destroyed by the Barberinis of the Vatican, we decline to prostrate ourselves and cry, "We who are about to die salute you!" In this final letter to you, on "how, where, and when" we are impelled to act, I shall endeavor to point out why the race which does not propose "to die" refuses to "salute you" or to continue the protracted fighting in this arena, to make a Roman holiday. You must appreciate the fact that we are becoming aware that the strongest things of our Constitution are being forged by you and yours into weapons for our undoing, and that the foundations of our political edifice are being sapped to build churches and palaces for your bishops and priests. Only by a fatuous contempt for our intelligence can you and the public men of your province imagine that we are still blind to your intentions or can long be persuaded to tolerate your methods. No one need tell you, dear sir, that the records of the Roman Church have been one long intrigue against civil government, and history must have been to you always a closed book unless you have knowledge of the almost unbroken conspiracies for the unsettling of civil governments in every country, in order that by periods of revolution, disturbance, foreign and civil war, the ideas of the people might be diverted from the maintenance of civil rights. The advantage to your Church to be gained from this obstruction of progress and the creation of continual antagonisms of classes and nations, is obvious. While the civil authorities, or those desiring to be so constituted, are in conflict, the Church has been able to maintain its dominance and to obtain excessive wealth, unquestioned influence, and control over the education of the people. Thus the Church has not only been able to maintain its civil influence as one age of enlightenment succeeded another, but has been fairly successful in perpetuating the power which we feel to be exercising such a malign influence in Canada, where 50 per cent of the population is not only technically, but unalterably, opposed to the Church, and where the remaining 41 per cent, if they had power to express themselves, would make it almost unanimous. True, the 41 per cent, have their proportionate privilege of the ballot, but they are the unfortunate possessors of an alleged "conscience" made after the special pattern of the propaganda at Rome, and feel themselves the spiritual slaves of a Hierarchy which the majority of them do not yet suspect as being nothing more saintly than a secret society organized for the greatest political graft which has ever been perpetrated in any country, Christian or pagan.

We make less complaint of the perpetuation of the evils we have, than of the extension of them to the new provinces about to be created. But either I miscalculate the forces of heredity, teaching and example which must exist in the non-Catholic peoples of this country, or you greatly overestimate the force of the race to which you belong, and forget the terrific reverses which your Church has met in the past, if you yet believe that any system of conquest you may devise can ultimately change your minority into an actual majority, or so browbeat the present majority that you and yours may dominate undisturbed.

Between the slave-owning States of the South and the non-slavery States of the North there existed at one time a boundary known as Mason and Dixon's line, and though the advocates of slavery often crossed it in pursuit of their bond people, it was the attempt to finally make new slave States that brought about the Civil War which deluged the Republic of the United States with the blood of its people. Slavery was tolerated until it became unendurable, inasmuch as it was not only an existing evil, but one creeping into the new organizations of the West. Has it ever struck you, sir, that the Ottawa River and the boundaries of Quebec occupy much the same relation in Canada as Mason and Dixon's line did in the United States? If so, has not history suggested the danger to you and your people of trying to extend what all freemen hold to be an intolerable evil: the fettering of those who have to be responsible for the success or failure of their efforts to become great and prosperous members of a Confederation? The ears of your Hierarchy for centuries have been dulled to the rumblings of political earthquakes and their eyes closed to the bitterness of popular discontent. You, sir, have been a successful politician, and we had hoped that from self-interest, if not impulse, or the ties of fealty, you would pay heed to the warnings such as Canada gave to its Government in 1896 and is again endeavoring to make heard at Ottawa. As we are assured that the iniquities of the Autonomy Bill will be embodied in the Act when finally passed, you must not consider impertinent nor sectarian my remaining questions of "how, where, and when" protest must be made against it.

How shall we speak? At present, as in the past, no matter how mild the protest made by the other provinces against the arrogance and aggression of the Quebec propaganda, the priests and politicians of your sect shriek "Bigot!" and "Fanatic!" and use every extraordinary and opprobrious epithet supposed to be descriptive of an ignorant and "blatant mob" controlled entirely by selfish and evil impulses. While we do not believe that anything approaching the limit of your aggressions has been reached, we have not failed to observe that the climax of your resentful speech both in the press, on the platform and in the pulpit cannot be capped by any unused abuse. You who believe that provincial rights—it is possible you call them treaty rights—can alone preserve to Quebec its privileges as to laws, language and religion; you who insist that these Quebec rights must be maintained without the most trivial abatement; you who would not be slow to threaten armed resistance if an attempt were made to deprive you of the slightest or most indirect feature of provincial self-government; you who are so over-privileged and so over-sensitive, are always the first to seek to deprive other provinces of those rights, small and insignificant in proportion to your privileges, which justice and patriotism would give to them or permit them to retain.

That you are oblivious of this abnormal and intolerable situation seems to me to be incredible. If you understand the logical outcome of your attitude your design must be sinister

and the disruption of Canada, and not its unity, your object. If Ontario cannot without meeting a whirlwind of abuse be permitted to enter a plea that equal rights be extended to all, even when Ontario makes a careful reservation in favor of the race enthusiasts and priest-ridden people of your province being left alone, what other section of Confederation can with any prudence or propriety obtrude itself into a dispute? It was said by the Liberals prior to your obtaining power and when in the habit of making protest against the overwhelming Bleu majority in Quebec, that Ontario had two-fifths of the population and paid three-fifths of the taxation and was practically voiceless in Confederation. Politics have changed entirely, but the situation is the same. The people of this province feel that the restraint they exercised while you appeared to be making a patriotic attempt to govern the country in harmony with the promises made by your party of economy, justice, patriotism and an absolute observance of provincial rights, can no longer with propriety, or even self-respect, be observed while you and your people are shrieking at us like madmen for following the traditions of political liberty dearer to us, and more justly dear, than those which you have so continually defined for you by alien bishops. If, then, harsh words be used in future, and still harsher measures suggested, you will have a right to be neither surprised nor pained. If your element—controlled by self-interest, the racial privileges you love as you appear to love your lives, and your separatist as Roman Catholics—has induced you to assist in the maintenance of British connection, we cannot but believe, in the light of events, that you would think twice, little as you are given to thinking, before you would endeavor to throw yourselves resolutely but irreparably into the arms of the United States, a

ton. Permit me, dear sir, in a like large spirit and without any racial antagonism, to make this letter the means of calling your attention to the fact that English-speaking Canada is about to establish a Monroe Doctrine which in effect will be that no alien power such as that of the Vatican can proceed to make un-British or unfit for the New World a territory so vast and so likely to become populous as Canada.

This opens up another phase of the correspondence with you, which I had by no means intended to be so lengthy. When and where are these protests to be made? Let me tell you, dear sir, that when, from this time out, shall mean always, and where must mean everywhere. Beginning in London and North Oxford, the partially aroused spirit of the country will make a strenuous attempt to place the patriotic view of this question before you and the people you represent, and the Vatican, which appears to be in control. No section of Confederation has paid the price of unity and progress to such an extent as Ontario; no section of the Confederacy has given more money or men to the upbuilding of the West than the province, the protest of which you take such pains to declare that you despise. Without the impulse of Ontario there would have been no Confederation; without the restraining influence of Ontario there can be no permanent union of the interests so separated geographically, climatically, racially, religiously and industrially as are the provinces of Canada. Whether it be the business of Ontario or not, to interfere in the organization of the new provinces, does not occur to those who have made such sacrifices to build up a Great and United Canada. To you of Quebec who have made no sacrifices to build up anything but a French Canada, our interference seems to be impertinent. We, dear sir, have become convinced that the impulse of French Canada

ing of your politicians and priests. It may be that in holding steadfastly—as one needs must when living alongside such neighbors—to the most sacred rights of British subjects, the people of Ontario have been too much inclined to be Conservative in their politics and somewhat unalterable in their party allegiance. But, sir, of this class the Orangemen, most open, perhaps, to the charge, went in greater numbers in 1896 to the defeat of the Remedial Bill than you imagine, and if the records of polling-day in Ontario did not show to what extent they were your supporters it was because so many of your own religious creed deserted their Liberal alliance to support the Hierarchy and obtain your defeat. As one thus offset the other and made Ontario seem unchangeable and inaccessible to argument, your betrayal of public rights appears to me to be the final set-off to the failure of any further attempt on the part of Ontario to appear flexible as the political mate of Quebec.

In conclusion, permit me to remind you, sir, that the happy possibilities of which I have spoken in other letters appear to me buried in the grave marked by your perfidy to public rights. The glorious vista of a United Canada—a Canada united not by ballot force or bullets—has faded from the eyes of tens of thousands of the best citizens of this Dominion, who now find at the limit of their vision a rude stone cross marking your unwept political grave instead of the monument we had hoped to erect to the glorious memory of the man who united the two races and established the one Liberty. Before the viceregal signature on this Autonomy Bill shall have become dry the bishops will be seeking for your successor, knowing well that your usefulness, not only to the country, but the Church, is past. New political combinations among your own people are already being thought of and your future is not being taken into consideration. You have wrecked Liberalism. In Canada to-day there is no organized Liberal party, no vestige remaining of the principles for which they once fought, and you, sir, at the dictation of the Hierarchy, must stand in history as the assassin of this once noble party, this glorious purpose. That one so attractive in face and fancy, so brave in figure and carriage; one so chivalric in manner and moving of speech; that one with such an immense parliamentary majority behind him, should make such an incredible, unpatriotic and fateful mistake as you have made, and meet with such a fate as you must meet, cannot but be an unending sorrow and shame to the people of Canada, as it is to

Yours regretfully,
Don.



A JUNE BRIDE.

(Designed by the Commercial Art Co., Limited, Toronto.)

republic in which your people, your language and your religion would be absolutely and finally submerged, and we can understand that Annexation could not be a remedy that you would select.

The impossibility of an independent New France need not be dwelt upon—you have neither numerical, financial, moral nor any other except geographical strength. Your geographical strength will be that you could obstruct British America if you were allowed to become a separate entity. In a diplomatic sense, you would find your only strength in the Vatican. If your secession from Confederation were to be based upon ecclesiastical grounds, even your mother country could not find face to support your *émancipation*. France has already done more to purge her domain of ecclesiastical disturbers than for a century even what you call Protestant and Orange Canada dare attempt in this country. As an independent country you would be an insignificant sidehill shack on the mountain of Time. I desire to call your attention, dear sir, to the fact that Quebec, except as a section of Confederation, is an impossible proposition, and I only do this for the purpose of attracting your scrutiny to the extravagant pretensions of your race as it has developed on British territory along the St. Lawrence, as it encamps in the various provinces of this British domain, and as a disturbing influence, an impudent political faction, shows itself to be an impertinent proposition, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the forty-ninth parallel to the North Pole. The rights of the French people in Quebec never were superior to those of the same race who settled in Louisiana. The distinguishing characteristics have disappeared from the settlers of what is known to the United States as the Purchase, while the alleged rights of settlers on the St. Lawrence have been and are becoming exaggerated year by year. There is a period at which all this sort of thing must stop. Treaties and the spirit of them cannot live forever; circumstances change, the world changes, people change or should, and the rights of one's neighbors cannot be continually overshadowed by the holdings of the unprogressive, of the decadent, or any influence that is demoralizing. The United States has not been slow to tell the Latins of the South American republics that their foolishness, their revolutionary and altogether demoralizing influence on the politics of this continent will not escape the Policeman at Washing-

is separatist, not only as to schools and races, but as to politics and as to the future. You do not tolerate in sentiment or plan a union with the Republic, but would drive this great province into Annexation if you could, that the residue of Canada should remain yours. Your scheme will not be found workable, for the British impulse of the Dominion finds its greatest aggregation of strongest heart-beats in Ontario and the tendency of the Anglo-Saxon race is not to yield—the Northern to the Southern race. The hope of a New France in the hearts of you and your people is as fatuous as it is unpatriotic. While the allegiance of this country is to Great Britain—and there are those of us who believe and pray that it will so continue—the conduct of your people is strikingly disloyal, as yours in the case of the Autonomy legislation is distinctly perfidious and must be disastrous to your race, as it is hateful to ours. I may speak without knowledge—though I have had opportunities to become acquainted with the sentiments of this province in twenty-five years of newspaper work—but I believe that in the heart of Ontario there is not only a profound love for the traditions, the freedom, the aspirations of the British people, but there is now a profound and permanent suspicion of the *bona fides* of that section of Confederation which you represent, and of which, as an ideal French-Canadian, you wish us met so much favor until you exhibited yourself as so little superior to the *habitant*, the peon of the Church, and the representative of a mercurial and bishop-disturbed population. That all of French Canada is not attractive, populous and progressive is not the fault of Canadian institutions nor of the people themselves, but of the Hierarchy, which bids you go to market in mud belly-deep to your horses while you journey to heaven through palatial churches. These be not sweet words, Sir Wilfrid, but they are spoken in reply, not in taunt. If the people of this province are the firebrands, the bigots, the fanatics, the intolerant disturbers of political peace which you and yours picture them, they have sufficient cause to make their opinion of you frighten the air or burn the paper upon which they are written. I would beseech you, sir, did I not know it was as useless to beseech as to trust one whose conduct has been such as yours, not to further exasperate those outside of your race and religion who, while holding steadfastly to the best British traditions, have ever since our Union endured the abuse and name-call-

THE death of Hon. William McDougall, at the age of eighty-three, takes from the footlights shining upon our history one of the notable lamps of the past. A man of apparently considerable gravity of mind and a certain command of others, his influence upon the events which are apparently crowding upon us now was not as dominant as it should have been. One may readily excuse an independence of character and a freedom from party restraint which gained him the title of "Wandering Willie," yet it is difficult to account for a life so long, and in many respects so worthy yet so ineffectual, in which he, a man of more than ordinary ability, was not able to fully demonstrate that he was neither a wanderer nor a Willie. When appointed Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Territories, his entrance into that which he was to govern was effectually obstructed by a small force directed by the revolutionist Riel. Either his own lack of foresight or the dull-witted diplomacy of those directing the taking over of the Territories must be blamed for this, for he had no force with which to oppose the obstructionists. Bearing in mind, however, the great distance—as it doubtless seemed at that time—between here and there, one may excuse the cheapness and inexcusableness of the disaster. However, Hon. William McDougall appeared to disadvantage and demonstrated himself to be a man with very little resource. No great man can live for eighty-three years and be continually the football of fate unless there is some inherent weakness in his own make-up. The law of average allows, as a rule, fewer years than these for a man to demonstrate his capacity for government and his power to achieve.

While a man so prominent in our history lies on his bier it is ungracious to say aught except in commendation of his work and commemoration of his career, yet probably no man in the history of Canadian politics has been made a greater discouragement to independence as between political parties. Young men in public life have been warned of "Wandering Willies." The curtain which for years was drawn over the end of his career, the probability of a similar fate happening to those who, like him, trespassed upon party boundaries, and the moral drawn from the incompleteness and comparative insignificance of his achievements, have never been justified by the facts, but I have a distinct recollection of a conversation recited to me by a man, himself passing into the night of life, which must necessarily color my opinion of whether Hon. William McDougall was a large-minded opportunist or a high-minded independent. The conversation took place in the forties in a stage-coach in which Mr. McDougall and the man in question were passengers for a day and a half. My informant, who predeceased Mr. McDougall by some twelve years, was impressed by the lack of a great or guiding principle in a man who then seemed to have everything within his reach. It might seem discourteous to his relatives and an unnecessary slight to his memory to refer to what was said, yet it seems to me absolutely necessary to relieve our history of the charge that so great, so independent and so apparently wide-minded a man should fail in his career while having as his aim *ad astra per aspera*. It is unjust to the younger generation to make more difficult an already obstructed path by outlining the career of Hon. William McDougall as that of an Independent Who Failed. It seems to me that absolute and patriotic independence might possibly be accentuated—should always, if possible, be accentuated—by suggesting that the failure can be accounted for by an opportunism which, while neither low nor mean, was always able to distinguish the star but not quite capable of enduring the difficulties.

DURING the Jockey Club meetings we always get an abundant crop of sermons on the sin of betting. This year the pulpit has been, if anything, more energetic than usual, though the denunciations will doubtless be ineffectual as usual. If the gentlemen who speak from the pulpit were to deal more with the folly of betting than the sin of it they would probably do more good. There are many who do not believe that when a man bets and risks his money he is necessarily imperiling his immortal soul. Somehow appreciation comes quicker to a man when he is shown that he is a fool for risking his money, than when an effort is made to get him to pull up because at some vague period in his existence, either Here or There, his soul must pay the forfeit. In betting parlance, the latter would be called a long shot, the odds of which are too great to be attractive to the ordinary investor, particularly as the result cannot be announced for an indefinite time. When a man, however, goes up against the bookies and leaves his wad, his punishment is swift and not always on a ratio with his investment, for the man who loses a small sum which he cannot afford to part with does himself harm which indirectly may affect others. If his foolishness is a damage to those dependent upon him, his betting is not only folly, but a crime. A man has no right to take money which practically belongs to somebody else, and risk it either at a horse race or in a stock speculation, though somehow the parsons do not see that betting in both cases is much the same, with the odds in favor of the track, for that is open but a few days in the season, while stock speculation can be indulged in the year round.

Aside from the ethics of the matter, a man is an ass to play at another man's game, for he is bucking not only the Law

of Average, which distributes chances evenly if a long enough time is taken, but is also going up against special knowledge, trained judgment, and all sorts of unscrupulous methods. The fever of betting has a strange influence on its victim, who suddenly is obsessed by the idea that some occult influence is guiding him. He never has these foolish imaginings in other matters, but when he begins to bet his egotism is astounding and works to his undoing. Without knowing anything about the horses, their pedigrees, their training, or the honesty of those who handle them, a man hears some inner voice whispering to him or overhears from a tout what he believes to be a secret revelation, and away he goes to the bookmakers, and seldom has reason to cash the tickets he gets. Day after day and year after year the same folly seizes him, but the results are but temporary except in those cases where losing the money gets the man making the bet into trouble. However, there are so many things foolish in themselves to which people become addicted that I think too much stress is placed on what is ordinarily the mild dissipation of losing a few dollars on horses to convince oneself, even for the time being, that one does not know it all—in fact knows very little.

Probably for the purposes of the races there is more money spent by the ladies on gorgeous and costly apparel, greatly beyond the means of those who provide it, than is lost in the betting-ring. This also can be said of the costly gowns which decorate the pews at Christmas and Easter, and at the coming of each season. It is the gambling spirit, the rivalry of taste, the desire to beat somebody else, which leads to this manifestation of vanity. However, if the preachers desire to be convincing on the subject of betting, they should hammer those who gamble in stocks as well as those who bet in the ring, and keep at it steadily instead of indulging in occasional paroxysms; and the women folks who gamble with their breadwinners' money for dresses, thus causing a scant larder and the absence of a savings bank account, should come in for a share.

THREE weeks ago it was noted with regret on this page that the Amalgamated Sheet Metal Workers had escaped from the financial responsibilities of litigious costs by a court judgment declaring their funds in bank to be unattachable, being trust money for beneficiary purposes. The plaintiffs in this case, the Metallic Roofing Company, on appeal have been allowed by Judge Anglin to have a right to the funds in question. The Master, who was the trial judge, held that the Union not being incorporated and therefore not a legal entity, could not hold property, and consequently the funds lying in the bank in its name were not the property of the Union as such. Starting from this point, Judge Anglin proceeds to differ, and says that "while in form the action is against the individual defendants, members of the Union, representing, by order of the court, all the members, it is in substance an action against the Union. The same facts which protect it from suit render the body incapable of holding property. It follows that what stands in its name is the joint property of the individual members, and, as such, may be seized in satisfaction of their debts."

If this decision is not further appealed, the money in the Dominion Bank to the credit of the Union may be attached to pay the \$146 costs ordered by the Court of Appeal. No matter how the courts may decide, those who are concerned with Unions and may approve of the good things they do for themselves and others, must necessarily feel concerned that, whether incorporated or not, such a powerful thing for good or evil as a Union should be a legal entity and be responsible financially for its costs.

THE transfer of the street-cleaning and garbage-collection from the control of the City Engineer to that of the Medical Health Officer is one of the best moves made by the present Council. Perhaps the chief credit for the change should be clearly placed where it belongs, for it was only by the persistence of the Board of Control that the aldermen could be made to admit the necessity for the transfer. The idea of placing the cleaning of the streets and collecting of the garbage under the control of the Medical Health Officer seems so reasonable that, since the proposal was made, it has been difficult to see why this sort of work should ever have been delegated to the City Engineer. As the great majority of the diseases which afflict the citizens have their origin in badly-kept streets or carelessly collected garbage, it would seem that Dr. Sheard should have every opportunity to earn the credit for reducing the sickness of the city for the health of which he is held responsible. In the performance of his duties, Dr. Sheard has hitherto shown himself to be an eminently competent and valuable official. He possesses originality, courage and executive ability in a high degree—qualities that have not been particularly conspicuous, as a

general rule, in the conduct of municipal affairs. Unless Dr. Sheard should be overloaded with work, there is little reason to doubt that the new arrangement will prove of great benefit to the citizens. For years past the streets have been badly neglected. They are insufficiently watered, rarely flushed and but imperfectly cleaned. The work of collecting the garbage is badly done, the collectors being permitted to shirk their work and to waste the city's time in a disgraceful manner. I have had cases reported to me where two men regularly spent half a day in removing the garbage from the houses on one side of the street in one block—and even then the work was carelessly done. A good deal has been said about the shortage of funds for this purpose, but with such management increase of the available funds would only increase the waste, and not necessarily improve the service. Unless the Health Officer's character has been wildly misrepresented, loafing and neglect of the kind described will not be very common in the future. It is to be supposed that any civic employee in the Doctor's department will earn his salary. That is all the people want, and that is what they expect. Then if more funds are needed they will be forthcoming without much pulling.

LAST Sunday evening Canon Welch of St. James' Cathedral gave utterance to some of the soundest common sense in regard to children that has been heard in this city for a long time. According to a daily paper which reported parts of the sermon on "Paternal Duty and Filial Obedience," Canon Welch stated that "two of the grave defects of social life are the prevailing disregard for parental authority and the existence of false standards by which judgment is passed upon persons and things." These are certainly two of the most serious defects of our present social system. I think it is not exaggerating to say that in the majority of city homes parental authority is a thing seldom encountered or regarded by the youngsters who will some day be parents themselves. Children are permitted to run wild and "develop their own individuality"—to use the phrase of Inspector Hughes and other hobbyists—in their own whimsical way. As Canon Welch says: "Our children are surfeited nowadays by rubbish, chiefly, I am bound to say, 'American,' about 'child nature.' The children are regarded as curious little animals which, if left to their own devices in growing up, will develop into extremely interesting men and women of odd but original characteristics. One can always count on getting human curiosities by following the directions of the 'child nature' cranks—but it should be remembered that asylums, reformatories, penitentiaries and hospitals are filled with persons of original personal characteristics. If children are coaxed, humored, petted and threatened at times when they should be firmly commanded and, if necessary, punished, parents may count on raising originals, but they can not count with any degree of certainty on being the parents of children who will some day turn out to be good citizens, a credit to their country and to their progenitors. The faddists in the schools are largely responsible for the faddists in the homes, and as the school faddists can more easily be got rid of than the parents who imitate them, the fads should be eliminated from the curriculum before they have a chance to increase the number of their victims. When one considers that all this recent nonsense in regard to old methods of raising children being wrong, and the innovations right, comes from the United States, it is difficult to realize that the Canadian educational authorities should have willingly adopted it. The hot-bed for the raising of young savages is notoriously the neighboring Republic. Over there such a thing as a well-mannered child is a delightful novelty. The children are certainly 'original' and self-reliant—but their manners are such that one cannot wonder why sensitive persons prefer the crime of race suicide to honest parenthood. The example of what other people's children are is enough to scare almost anyone out of matrimony. According to Mark Twain, children wear better when raised by hand—and the hand should be applied freely and frequently. Mark Twain and Canon Welch express the same idea in slightly different style—and the idea is sound and wholesome."

AN evening paper republishes extracts from a letter to the English press, written by an Englishman now resident in Canada, a letter in which the writer hammers Canada, its railroads and the city of Toronto especially. "The Toronto paper in its turn proceeds to hammer the young Englishman—presumably he is young—for his untruthfulness, and regrets that the English press should open its columns to communications of this sort. It is to be regretted that the English newspapers should be such easy marks for unreliable correspondents, but it should be remembered that the editors of those papers are guilty of nothing more serious than ignorance—a thing not unknown in Canada. But little in the line of accuracy in regard to Canadian affairs can be expected from newspapers which referred to Mr. Whitney as the leader of the Dominion Opposition, conducting a vigorous campaign against Sir Wilfrid Laurier, whom he was expected to defeat in the Ontario elections. It is possible that some of our remarks in regard to things English are almost as absurd, but let us hope it is scarcely likely. It would no doubt be more fortunate if English editors were a little better posted on Canadian subjects, but there is reason to believe they are improving and in time will hear of Sir John Macdonald's death."

So far as the Canadian correspondent, who referred to Toronto as a city of dilapidated houses "chiefly of wood," is concerned, there is no cause for indignation. Pity, rather, is to be extended to him. Very likely he was broke and thought of the plan of selling some stuff concerning Canada to a paper at "home" with which he was acquainted. As he didn't know anything about Canada from his own observation, and didn't think such facts as a thing not unknown in Canada, but little in the line of accuracy in regard to Canadian affairs can be expected from newspapers which referred to Mr. Whitney as the leader of the Dominion Opposition, conducting a vigorous campaign against Sir Wilfrid Laurier, whom he was expected to defeat in the Ontario elections. It is possible that some of our remarks in regard to things English are almost as absurd, but let us hope it is scarcely likely. It would no doubt be more fortunate if English editors were a little better posted on Canadian subjects, but there is reason to believe they are improving and in time will hear of Sir John Macdonald's death."

WHAT has been said in regard to Englishmen's lack of knowledge of things Canadian should not be applicable to British Cabinet Ministers, but either it is applicable or the Colonial Secretary, Mr. Lyttelton, is a satirist of a higher order than has been supposed. Last week, at the Canada Club dinner in London, he referred in strong terms of praise to the purity of Canadian politics and the integrity of the Canadian Government. It is difficult for Canadians who think the Colonial Secretary should possess some slight knowledge of colonial conditions, to believe that Mr. Lyttelton was not speaking ironically, for had he carefully selected his own time he could not have chosen a less happy occasion seriously to allude either to the purity of our politics or to the integrity of our Government. I should like to believe that Mr. Lyttelton was joking or sneering, but some other of his remarks in regard to Canadian affairs preclude the possibility of a joke. According to the Canadian Associated Press despatch, "he touched a more fateful issue, and therefore an issue less suited to the occasion, in the brief forecast that Canada might be federated or she might 'be one aggregate of independent nations owing allegiance to one sovereign.'" It is scarcely possible that a man occupying a position in the British Cabinet who publicly works off stuff like this can have any adequate notion of either Canadian history or his own responsibilities. Such words coming from the Colonial Secretary are mischievous to a degree. To anyone familiar with the arduous work of Canadian federation, the idea of eventual disintegration must be not only abhorrent, but absurd. Only in Quebec is such a notion entertained—and it would seem that it is only from Quebec, or from some representative of Quebec, that Mr. Lyttelton could obtain his misinformation concerning the future of Canada. When the various parts of Canada federated and established a central Government, the federation was forever. Change is always possible. It is conceivable that Canada may not always owe allegiance to Great Britain—for the Mother Land has a voice

in that matter herself—but one thing is certain: whether Canada becomes an independent country or owes allegiance to some power beyond her borders, Canada will never be broken up into a collection of petty states, each part running itself without regard to the interests or will of the whole. What Mr. Lyttelton describes as a future possibility will be heard with patience and respect only in the Province of Quebec—and though Quebec may seem to mean Canada at present, for Quebec is running things pretty much her own way so far as the Dominion Government is concerned, the day is not distant when "The Minority Province" will have no louder voice than a well-conducted minority should have. It might prove profitable to Mr. Lyttelton if he were to spend some time in studying the ideals and aspirations of the Canadian majority, for it is with that majority that the Colonial Office will have to deal.

CANADIANS in cities on the boundary line between this country and the United States are expressing the fear that our neighbors are likely to retaliate and drive Canadians from their employment in the Republic in case the Dominion persists in its determination to drive the United States employees from their work, as was done in connection with the Pere Marquette Railway. Alien labor laws strictly enforced are undoubtedly a great nuisance. But alien labor laws unenforced are obviously silly and mischievous. It is the United States that is responsible for such laws, and so long as it keeps up the absurd discrimination against Canadians it remains impossible for Canada to permit citizens of the United States to enjoy greater privileges in this country than our citizens are permitted to enjoy across the line. If the Yankees would only stop sending Canadians home, their own people would be permitted to come in here and engage in any work on terms of absolute equality with the native born. If the Governments of the two countries would get together and decide to repeal the alien labor legislation on both sides of the boundary, all the trouble, expense and bad feeling that necessarily results from its enforcement would disappear and the citizens of Republic and Dominion would be grateful.

ANOTHER case similar to that of Puddy Brothers has arisen and is likely to involve the city in expensive litigation. Wight & Company's abattoir is giving offence to the residents of the district in which its odors float, and now the alleged offenders are about to appeal from a judgment imposing a fine of ten dollars for conducting the business without the consent of the municipal authorities. Wight & Company explain that, as they have invested \$20,000 in the place, it is unfair to force them to move. It is regrettable that any firm should be forced to give up a building and suffer loss, but as they started up without the consent of the authorities they can blame no one but themselves for any unpleasant consequences of their disregard to municipal requirements. This case and the case of Puddy Brothers should be pushed by the city to the highest court, before these firms should be permitted to defy the municipality. If the city's position is sound, Toronto can't lose; if the city is wrong, it should be made to pay for the trouble it has caused two business firms. In no case should any action be brought by the city and then dropped, for only by an aggressive and consistent policy can respect for municipal laws be compelled or retained.

IN regard to the Royal Commission's finding in the University investigation, the following interesting letter has been received from the author of the "Junius Jr." letters. Mr. Jamieson makes some strong points in his criticism of the Commission's report—points that will carry conviction to those who have followed the proceedings of the investigation: To the Editor of SATURDAY NIGHT:

DEAR SIR,—It was urged before the Commission that the 1900 award was irregular. The finding of the Commission admits this, saying that "the recommendation was irregular, and should not have been made," and speaking of it in another place as "unfair." It was also urged that Professor McLennan acted dishonestly in actively promoting the interests of one competitor, before the award was made, and then putting himself in the position that his word alone should (as it admittedly did) decide the award. The finding of the Commission admits that "it is inadvisable that any one who has actively promoted the candidature of a student should afterwards accept the position of a judge in the competition." And it was further urged that the reply to the protest of the students was an untruthful and misleading document. The finding admits that "the language of this document does not convey a true impression of the facts."

Everything that was urged in connection with the 1900 award is thus admitted and yet no blame is attached to any individual, the finding merely saying that the President and Dr. McLennan "must share in the responsibility of having treated the candidates who complied with this notice and those who did not do so as standing upon an equal footing."

Note these two very important points: (1) The Commission attributes "the incorrect or ambiguous language of the reply" to the "error of the draftsman." Now the President himself was the draftsman; he never denied this, and Mr. Young said in his defence that he would not argue upon the evidence that the President did not draw up the report. Sir William Meredith himself says that inasmuch as the President when on defence did not deny he wrote the report, did it not stand that he did write it? How dishonest is the wording of that finding of the Commission! The public naturally draw the inference that it is intended they should draw, viz.: that the President is innocent, and yet the wording is technically, and therefore legally, I suppose, correct, attributing as it does the untruthfulness of the report to the draftsman—whom they well knew to be the President himself. The President, as President, is exonerated, as draftsman of the reply is condemned; and the public naturally believe that the two are different persons.

(2) Notice also that the Council of 1890 passed regulations that necessitated a thesis. To explain the President's violation of this, they say that the regulations of 1890 were not present to his mind in 1900. The regulations governing the most valuable award in the gift of the University not present to the mind of the President of the University who was himself one of the committee of award! If, as President and as member of committee of award, he did not know the regulations governing the award he was making, or if, knowing them, he deliberately violated them, he is in neither case fit to be President of the University.

The finding of the Commission is much as if those presiding at the trial of Josie Carr were to say: We find she committed the murder, but yet on the evidence we are not warranted in finding any traces of degeneracy.

Although those who have followed the affair closely know the position pretty well, yet the public in general, reading the newspaper reports (especially the public outside of the city) seem to think that the students and SATURDAY NIGHT have lost their case. Your editorial last week, treating the subject in a general way, was admirable. But it seemed to me that, if it were supplemented this week by the actual facts, our case would be placed in a much better light before the public.

However, just as you yourself think, for I have always found that your course was proved by events to be the best.

Yours faithfully,

C. R. JAMIESON ("JUNIOR JR.")

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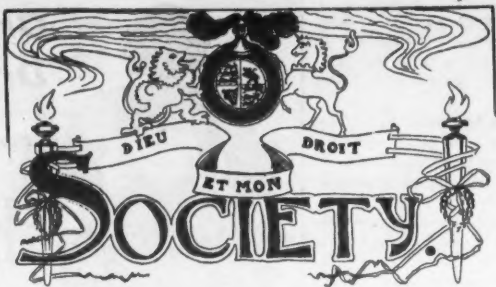
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ON Friday evening Lady Mulock gave a dinner of six-
teen covers in honor of Miss Jennie Fielding,
a guest of Mrs. Mulock's for the past fortnight.
The table was prettily done in rose pink and white,
tall crystal vases of roses being set on lace mats.
The guests were Mr. and Mrs. Mulock, Mr. and
Mrs. Haydn Horsey, Dr. Bruce, Mr. Ross, Miss Boulton, Mr.
and Mrs. Arthur Kirkpatrick, Mrs. McDowall Thomson, Mrs.
Denison, Mr. Allan Kerr, Mr. MacMillan, D.S.O., Mr. Curtis
Williamson and Mr. Charles Ross.

Lady Kirkpatrick was at home informally at the tea hour
to a number of friends bidden to meet Mrs. Beckett on Mon-
day afternoon. Though the rain fell in torrents, quite a large
party realized that Closeburn and its radiant mistress would
give a welcome so bright and sunny as to repay them for a
pilgrimage in the deluge to enjoy it, and came trooping in,
umbrellas in hand, until the porch was simply stacked with all
manner and styles of "Gamps," from the portly, thick-nobbed
"Brawley" of the man of affairs to the slender, gold-handled
parapluie of the mondaine, who fled from her coupé to the
doorstep with skirts tucked up à la grisette. Closeburn
glowed like a rose, with soft rich light, and flowers as usual
everywhere. The hostess was in pale grey, with some loops
and bows of cerise velvet on the corsage and a touch of the
same in the hair. Mrs. Beckett wore black satin and some of
her beautiful old white lace, and everyone seemed loth to give
up the perforce brief tête-à-tête permissible with a guest of
honour come among her own people, all glad to welcome her.
Mr. Perceval Ridout was here, there and everywhere, and
with Miss Kirkpatrick looked after the guests most untiringly.
Tea and good things were served from a table set in the din-
ing-room, from which French windows opened on a verandah
arranged as a little open-air boudoir, but which was not occu-
pied as much as admired on account of the dampness of the
air. The gay little party was a bright episode in an impossible
day. A very few of the guests were: The Misses Mortimer,
Clark, Lady Gzowski and Mrs. Gzowski of Cleveland, Lady
Mulock, Mrs. Mulock, Mrs. Arthur Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Cawthra
Mulock, Mrs. G. R. Cockburn, Mrs. Hugh Macdonald, Miss
Bessie Macdonald, Mrs. MacMahon, Mr. and Mrs. Allen Cas-
sels, Dr. and Mrs. Armstrong Black, Mrs. and Miss Melvin-
Jones, Madame Armande Lavergne, Mrs. B. Francis and Miss
Lola Powell, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hills, Mrs. Spragge, Mr.
John Small, Dr. Bruce, Mrs. D. W. Alexander, Mrs. Clinch,
Captain Des Voeux, the Misses Erol and Cecil Nordheimer,
Mrs. Hoskin of The Dale, Mrs. J. I. Davidson, Mrs. Bruce
Macdonald, Mr. Arthur T. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Robert Smith,
Mrs. Fisk, Mr. Charles McInnes, Miss Margaret Thomson,
Mrs. Mann, Mrs. and Miss Elmsley, Mrs. Sweny, Mrs. Gra-
sett, Mrs. and Miss Edwards, the Misses Michie.

On Monday evening Mr. and Mrs. Nordheimer entertained
at dinner at Glenedyn in honor of Dr. and Mrs. Armstrong
Black. Covers were laid for twenty and the little feast was
as dainty and enjoyable as possible, even though a farewell to
a pair so universally beloved and esteemed as the guests of
honour. On Tuesday evening Mrs. Arthurs, of Ravenswood
gave a dinner of sixteen covers, at which Dr. and Mrs. Arm-
strong Black were again honored guests. In fact, this popular
couple have found it impossible to accept all the invitations
which have been pouring in upon them for the past week, as
their departure necessitates a good deal of time given to pack-
ing and the various duties incident to a leave-taking which will
unfortunately be final. Dr. and Mrs. Black sail on the 14th
from Montreal to Glasgow, and will be in Scotland for a
month, after which Dr. Black has promised to take charge of
a church in St. John's Wood, London, during August and
September. To say that their going from us is regretted is
putting it very mildly, for sincere sorrow at losing them is
everywhere expressed.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph B. Reed are back from their six
months' sojourn abroad, and are at the King Edward. Mr.
and Mrs. George Hees have returned from a most delightful
trip through foreign countries and are again in their home in
St. George street. Mr. Le Grand Reed has gone down to New
York to meet Mrs. Reed, who was obliged to remain a little
longer abroad to finish her course of lessons with Jean de
Reszke. Her Toronto friends are all eager to hear her lovely
voice and see her *riant*, charming face again. Mr. and Mrs.
Lincoln Hunter returned last week from a delightful sojourn
of several months in the South and doing the West Indies, of
which they made a complete trip, returning by Bermuda. This
happy couple report the most enjoyable time and are looking
very well.

Although it seems no time at all since one had a word of
condolence to say to Madame Schumann-Heine on the death of
her husband in Germany, it has become necessary to pick
orange blossoms for the jolly heroine of *Love's Lottery*, for
she has taken another chance and married the handsome Rapp,
son of the editor of the *Staats-Zeitung*, Chicago. Toronto
friends of the bride wish her all the happiness she is so well
calculated to enjoy, and will look forward to her next appear-
ance with great glee. No prima donna has the knack of mak-
ing friends in the hearty, jovial way of Madame Rapp, and
her big heart is full of *bonne camaraderie* with those to whom
she gives her friendship. Next month the Rapps will go to
Saxony to the diva's home place, where a family of young
Schumann-Heines are domiciled, as handsome a lot of grown
and little children as ever made proud a stepfather!

Another bride has been brought from "outside," as they
say in Dawson City, to enrich a family circle already more
than blessed with lovely young women, and the Falconbridge
home was *en fête* for her first reception on Monday afternoon.
Plenty of the most perfect experience has fitted Mrs. Falcon-
bridge to the rôle of the happy mamma, and on Monday she
was not only surrounded by her own pretty daughters, maid
and matrons, but had her new daughter to introduce to her
friends. "Mrs. Jack," as some intimates designated her, is a
dainty girl bride, and looked very sweet and graceful in her
robe des noces of shimmering satin with lace to delight a con-
noisseur, and a flash of diamonds at her slim neck. Mother
and daughter received in the drawing-room. Mrs. Arthur
Anglin, Mrs. Robert Cassels, Mrs. Cawthra Mulock, *née* Fal-
conbridge, and Miss Aimée Falconbridge, with Mrs. Montague
Adamson, Miss Nordheimer of Glenedyn and Miss Ritchie of
Avenue road, assisted in the drawing-room and dining-room.
The tea-table was centered with a tall vase of pink and red
roses. Despite the heavy rain, a number of friends called on
Monday, and on Tuesday, which was very fine, shoals of people
came to welcome the fair newcomer. Mr. and Mrs. John Fal-
conbridge are at the Queen's.

Many kind thoughts and much hearty sympathy are with
Mr. J. J. Brignall of the C.P.R. in his sorrowful bereavement.
The death of Mrs. Brignall, on Monday, was a shock to all
her friends, and took place at her home, 24 Concord avenue.
The funeral was on Wednesday, and many testimonies to the
worth and sweetness of the deceased lady were sadly uttered.
Mr. Brignall has only just recovered from a severe and
tedious illness, through which his wife was his devoted nurse.

A farewell tea for Dr. and Mrs. Armstrong Black was
given one afternoon this week by Mr. Byron Walker in the
board room of the Bank of Commerce.

Madame Armande Lavergne, who has been for the past
week the guest of Mrs. Melvin-Jones at Liawhaden, returned
home at midweek. She says the loveliest things of Toronto,
the Races, and the kind hosts who have been so charmed to
have her. No prettier and brighter little lady has graced the

course this season than this young matron, who will always
be welcomed here with pleasure.

Mr. James Gray of Chatham paid a short visit to Toronto
this week, en route for New York. Mrs. Spencer Stone of
Chatham is visiting Mrs. G. F. Deeks, her sister, at the
Queen's. Miss Helen Law is with her aunt, Mrs. Watson, in
Hamilton.

Dainty Mrs. Montague Adamson is down on a visit from
her home in the North-West. She is welcomed by Toronto
friends with the greatest pleasure.

Mrs. Bruce Macdonald's tea for Mrs. Beckett last week
was a big and very smart gathering of ladies in gala array,
many of the guests coming in a bit early from the Woodbine
to attend the tea. Mrs. Macdonald, in a lovely Paris gown
of cream touched with amethyst, and amethyst jewels, one of
the frocks not to be described, but seen, received in the draw-
ing-room. Mrs. Beckett, queenly and handsome in black
gown and hat relieved with white, was with her. Women
came by the score to spend two minutes with hostess and
guest of honor, and find the next-comers ousting them from
happy corners before half the inquiries and welcomes had
been finished. A particularly pretty floral decoration was
upon the tea-table in the dining-room. In the center was a
huge gold bowl, filled with much rose foliage, and here and
there, just arranged so as to give the fullest effect to their rich
coloring, were buds of Beauty roses. These baby Beauties
looked quite lovely in the mound of rich green, and everyone
was admiring them. Some of the gowns at this tea were the
very best of the season, and a particularly pretty one was in
white and fawn *paque fondant*, with deep falls of lovely lace
on the elbow sleeves. Lace was everywhere, as gown com-
plete, as trimmings, and as wide insertions, not to mention the
present rage as long scarves, worn about the shoulders and
falling to the hem in front, and quite often as a covering for
the wide new hats.

Among the gay crowd on Saturday which came down from
Hamilton was Mrs. Frank MacKelcan, who looked very well
indeed, and was, I think, with the Holmstead party.

On Tuesday, at her second reception, Mrs. John Delatre
Falconbridge carried a splendid sheaf of American Beauty
roses, a graceful tribute to her as a daughter of the neighbor-
ing republic.

Mrs. J. Herbert Mason of Erneleigh has gone to England.
Mrs. Aldous, who came up for the Races on the 19th, has
returned to Winnipeg. Mr. Percy Robertson came from the
South on Tuesday and is now at "Oasis" with his family, who
settled at the Island last month.

The spring regatta and dance at the Argonauts' clubhouse
is on this afternoon, and those who cannot forego the last day
of the Races will be in time for the function, as the dance lasts
until nine or ten o'clock. Given good weather and both events
will fit in very comfortably.

A large party dined at the Hunt Club on Tuesday night
and among them were Mr. and Mrs. Innes-Taylor, who, with
their two little ones, have recently settled in Toronto, and have
taken a furnished house at 117 Avenue road. Mr. Innes-
Taylor is out from England in connection with business. Mrs.
Innes-Taylor was Miss Thornton, a daughter of the late
Major Charles Edward Thornton, 7th Royal Fusiliers, of
Kirkland Hall, Garstange, Lancashire. She is an accom-
plished musician, with a lovely voice, and I hear that her
singing after dinner at the Hunt Club on Tuesday evening
was greatly enjoyed. Mr. and Mrs. Innes-Taylor have al-
ready made many friends in Toronto.

Miss Jennie Fielding, who has been visiting Mrs. Mulock,
left for Ottawa on Saturday. During her stay she was the
guest of honor at several pleasant functions.

Mrs. Arthur Gowan Strathy, who has been for some weeks
visiting friends in the Old Country, has returned to Toronto.

The initial entertainment given by the Toronto Dickens
Fellowship took place in Guild Hall on Tuesday evening,
when a very enthusiastic audience was in attendance to hear
Professor John Duxbury recite Dickens' *Christmas Carol*. To
say that the recital was a treat is not enough. It was a de-
light, and between the pathos and the humor of the story there
was not a serious face nor an untouched heart in the hall.
Professor Duxbury is perfect in his manner and sentiment.
The insistent and deliciously funny details of the Christmas
dinner in *Tiny Tim's* home and the sombre touches which old
Scrooge's experience necessitates were given with equally
graphic fidelity. Round after round of applause, a neat little
acknowledgment from Professor Duxbury, and a recital by
request of a frank poem, which one can scarcely forgive as
following so different a theme, concluded the charming even-
ing. Rarely, if ever, has a better pleased lot of Dickens lovers
enjoyed a recital of one of the stories that will never die. As
previously stated, the proceeds of the recital will begin a fund
for the benefit of some object which the heart of the master
of human needs would have approved, something to help the
children. Dr. Goldwin Smith, Hon. President of the Dickens
Fellowship of Toronto, wrote asking to be excused from tak-
ing the chair on account of his advanced years, and giving a
good word of sympathy and encouragement to the Fellowship.
The president, Mr. E. S. Williamson, read the letter and then
himself introduced Professor Duxbury, whose beautiful clear
voice and bright delivery held the large audience for nearly
two hours.

The engagement is announced of Miss Lilian Johnstone,
youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. P. Johnstone of Rose
avenue, to Mr. W. H. Gould, M.A. The wedding, which will
be very quiet, will take place in St. Simon's Church on the
15th of June.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Duncan have taken Mr. Reid's studio
home, 435 Indian road, for the summer.

The June weddings begin next week, when Miss Nelie
Lash and Mr. Kerr Duncan McMillan will be wedded
on Tuesday. On Monday Miss Coady and Mr. Doug-
las will be married, on Wednesday Miss Reynolds and Mr.
Moore will be bride and groom; on the same day Mr. Lissant
Beardmore and Miss Evelyn Mackenzie will be married in
Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal, and Mr. Godfrey Spragge
and Miss Waldie of Glenhurst will also be made one. On
the following Wednesday Miss Dwight and Mr. Donald Ross
are to be wedded, and half a dozen more happy couples whose
names I for the moment forget will burn incense to Hymen
during the month of roses.

Mrs. Beckett was the guest of honor at the dinner at Glen-
edyn on Monday evening. She left Toronto for the East on
Wednesday.

Mrs. A. B. Aylesworth had her Buffalo guest, Mrs. E. R.
Thomas, at the Races several times. Mrs. Henri Suydam, Mrs.
Willie Douglas and Mrs. Barnard, *née* Coldham, were three
stylishly gowned sisters at the course each day. Mrs. Claude
Fox had a guest from Des Moines on Tuesday.

Colonel and Mrs. Hemming are getting settled in their
quarters at Stanley Barracks, which Colonel Septimus Deni-
son vacated this week. Miss Hemming was one of the *début-
antes* at a State Ball at Rideau, I believe the one which Lord
and Lady Minto gave last November. A younger son and
daughter complete Colonel and Mrs. Hemming's family.

Miss Florence Houston of Niagara Falls has been a smart
guest at the Races. Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Houston had a
large party of guests for dinner at the Hunt Club on Tuesday.

Miss Proudfoot is living in New Jersey, where she has
taken a responsible position, and is most pleasantly circum-
stanced. Miss Bessie Marsh is expected home shortly from
New York.

Mrs. John Wright has sailed for England on the Canada.

Mrs. F. Judd Kennedy, *née* Millar, will hold her post-
nuptial reception on Tuesday afternoon and evening at 40
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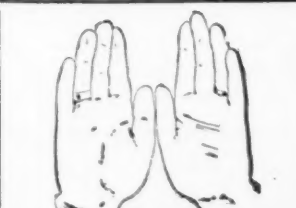
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Social and Personal.

THE O. J. C. Meet has been especially favored with fine weather, and patronized by crowds of people, many of them visitors from distant countries, Turkey and Hungary being represented on the lawn on one afternoon. On Wednesday a great race was on for the Gold Cup, presented by the King Edward Hotel Company, which was won by Tongard, carrying the Dymont colors. The beautiful little cup was displayed, with another huge silver one, on a table before the viceregal box early in the afternoon and afterwards presented to Mr. Dymont in the "watch tower." At mid-week two of the visitors from the States, Mr. and Mrs. Wayne, were at the races with Dr. Herbert Bruce. Mrs. Hebben was with Mrs. Willie Gwynn, and afterwards came in to Lady Gzowski's tea. Mrs. Young was also at the races and looked very well in green with a white vest and white and green hat. The Mackenzie box was occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie of Benvenuto, Mr. and Mrs. Alec Mackenzie, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Grantham, and Miss Bertha Mackenzie. Mr. and Mrs. Hendrie and their daughters were in their box, or rather now and then the owners of boxes sat still for five minutes, and then finding it chilly sought again the sunshine on the lawn. There were several large and any number of small teas, both in the marquee and the dining-room, as well as select little parties in the little boudoir. The band has been a great addition to every afternoon's brightness, the various regiments sending their musicians in turn, and the strains of *Babes in Toyland* echoing through the blatant call of the trumpeter from the "watch tower" for the saddling-up. After the races, a number went as usual to the Hunt Club. Some of the pretty women on Wednesday were Mrs. Polson in a dainty white gown and Miss Annie Michie in bright blue; Mrs. W. R. Riddell in a lovely white voile embroidered gown—in fact each day her dresses were perfect. Mrs. B. B. Cronyn was in pale fawn; Mrs. Fraser in brown foulard. Mrs. Suydam wore a deep blue gown and hat to match. So did Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston. Mrs. Syer, who was with Miss Kingsmill, looked very smart in a cream costume. Mrs. Turner of Ottawa wore black *crêpe de soie* and wide-brimmed hat. Mrs. D. W. Alexander was in a natty rose pink chambray with a pink hat; Miss Rowand in black relieved with white, and Miss Dora Rowand, very bright and pretty, in a fawn coat over a light gown, and a very becoming hat. Miss Hendrie was perfectly gowned in shepherd's plaid, with a smart red toque. Miss Phyllis Hendrie was in white with pale blue. Miss Cross looked very well in white serge. Mrs. Cattanech wore a most becoming green and black grenadine costume with hat to match. Miss Louie Jones was perfectly gowned in a white linen costume, with long coat and pretty little hat. Mrs. Elmsley and the Misses Elmsley, who also came in early to Lady Gzowski's tea with Mr. Sherwood Elmsley, were among the groups on the members' lawn. Mr. Goulding brought a clever young visitor, Mr. Atcheson of Chicago, whose name is known in literature. Miss Byford, looking very pretty, was on the members' lawn. Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt and Miss Lucy McLean Howard were interested spectators of the races. It is difficult to particularize when so many smart gowns and pretty women were on view, but Mrs. Lewis of Montreal was remarkably well gowned on the two days she attended the Races, once in pink cloth and again in a white embroidered gown.

On last Saturday His Excellency and Lady Grey and their party were at the Woodbine for a last visit. Countess Grey wore a brown costume and brown hat with plumes. The daily bouquet was suggestive of a pretty sentiment, being composed of forget-me-nots. Three hearty cheers rang out as the state carriage rolled away and the visitors, who had so enjoyed their open-air entertainment, were borne past the shouting crowds. On that day Mrs. Cook looked very well all in red, gown and hat. Mrs. McCuaig of Montreal wore white lace and hat with blue feathers. Mrs. Yates of Montreal was in black, relieved with white, an ostrich boa and a pretty toque. Miss Lola Powell was all in pink. Mrs. Haas was in black and pink, with a flat pink hat. Mrs. Alan Sullivan was in pale blue with a long light wrap and a flower toque. Miss Alice Shaughnessy has been a very happy and prettily gowned visitor each day at the course. Sir Charles and Lady Rivers Wilson were at the Races last week. Miss Melvin-Jones on Tuesday wore a lovely white lace dress with touches of palest green on the big chapeau, and white lace parasol, set midway on a crooked handle, very modish indeed. Several white India muslin embroidered dresses were worn by smart women. Mr. and Mrs. Colin Campbell were at the Races last week. Colonel Stimson had his sisters, the Misses Stimson, at the Races on Saturday.

A great deal of entertaining at luncheons, dinners and teas was done at the Hunt Club and Woodbine on Saturday. Mr. Hendrie, President of the O. J. C., entertained out-of-town visitors at luncheon in the members' room. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Beardmore gave a luncheon at the Hunt Club, at which Miss Mortimer Clark, Lady Rivers Wilson, Lady Montagu Allan, Mrs. Hugh Allan, Mrs. Fisk, Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie of Benvenuto, Colonel Septimus Denison, Captain Trotter, Captain Newton, Captain Des Voeux, Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Mann, Lieutenant-Colonel Stimson, were guests. Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Mann gave a dinner at the Hunt Club in the evening.

On Wednesday Lady Gzowski gave a very delightful tea at Clovelly, to which most of the older set were invited, and at which the hostess renewed her kind welcome to friends in her new home, who had long memories of many such welcomes in the stately Hall. She was assisted by her daughter-in-law and granddaughter, Miss Mary Gzowski, and Mr. Gzowski, who showed himself unafraid of legions of ladies by stopping at home and helping to look after the guests. The tea-table was beautiful with flowers, artistically arranged, and all sorts of dainties were arranged in tempting array. A few of the guests were: Lady Kirkpatrick, who looked very well in royal blue with lace, cream satin vest, and handsome hat with white veil; Lady Mulock, who wore black with toque to match; Lady Blaine of Somersetshire, who has been living quietly in Toronto all winter, to be near her young daughter, who was seriously ill in hospital but is now convalescent; Mrs. Robinson of Beverley House, Mrs. Goldwin Smith, Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn, Mrs. Winnie, Mrs. Nordheim, Mrs. MacMahon, Mrs. Hoyle, Mrs. John Hoskin, Mrs. and Miss Denison of Rusholme, Mrs. Hugh Macdonald, Mrs. Reeves, Mrs. Walter Beardmore, Miss McCutcheon, Mrs. Edgar Jarvis, Mrs. Lockhart Gordon, Mrs. Hagarty, Mrs. George Harman, Mrs. Lamond Smith, Mrs. Willie Gwynn, Mrs. Douglas Young, Mrs. Herbert Mowat, Mrs. G. T. Denison, Mrs. A. E. Denison, Mrs. and Miss Elmsley, Mrs. and Miss Sweetman, Miss Bessie Macdonald.

I hear that Sir William and Lady Meredith's house in Lampart avenue has been sold and that they will shortly take a suite in the Alexandra, where Mr. and Mrs. John Meredith will also occupy a suite. Another sale of a house with records of many hospitalities is that of Colonel Davidson's in St. George street to Mr. Perkins.

Next Tuesday evening at the Princess Theater the Press Club will present *A Bachelor's Romance*. The event is under the patronage of His Excellency the Governor-General, His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor, and the Premier of Ontario. Mr. Douglas A. Paterson plays David Holmes, the bachelor, and the play is produced under his direction, the cast including Mr. R. S. Pigott, Miss Ruth MacKil, Miss Alice Wallace, Miss Irene Glendinning and Miss Mabel Dalby. These people are all extra clever, and some of them successful professionals, so that the play will be done full justice to. I should think a bumper house might be demanded on its merits.

Mrs. Charles Arthur Brodigan, nee Willoughby, will receive for the first time since her marriage, Tuesday afternoon and evening, June 6, at her home, 5 Metcalfe street.

Miss Ida Homer Dixon has sailed for India, to visit Mrs. Harold Rickford, formerly Mary Davidson.

Miss Helen Davidson has been spending a few days with Mrs. R. McCullough of Galt, and has now gone to Beechcroft, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Osler's summer place.

The marriage of Miss Lillie Campbell, daughter of Mr. D. J. Campbell of Toronto, and Mr. Frederick Armstrong Howse of Nicola Lake, B.C., will take place on June 14.

Dr. and Mrs. W. Cecil Trotter and their little ones are settled at No. 5 Hooper avenue, Island Park, for the summer.

The physical exercises and entertainment by the girls of Westbourne School last Friday were a delightfully interesting

event to their relatives and other friends of this capital school. Miss Dora Rowand, under whose teaching the classes have attained such progress, was presented by the S. B. Sorority (a society founded in the Westbourne School by Miss Rowand) with a sheaf of splendid crimson roses, sashed with broad crimson ribbons.

Lady Blaine will spend some time at Minnicog.

Mr. James Foy's little son "Jim" has been taken, with his nurse, to the isolation hospital, suffering from diphtheria.

Mrs. Will Rose and her family, of Marlborough avenue, have returned from California.

Mrs. Herbert Ball, formerly of Galt, and her daughters, the Misses Muriel and Gladys Ball, sail for Paris, France, by the American Line from New York on June 10.

Mr. and Mrs. Ulysses Osler of Ottawa were in town for the Races and have, I understand, returned home.

Mr. H. S. Saunders and Mrs. Saunders left on June 1 for a trip to California, the Portland Centennial and British Columbia.

Celebrated Prophecies of History.

PLANTED deep in human nature is a love of the mystical. Since time beyond memory the imagination of man has been stirred by tales of charms and talismans, of wizards and conjurers. A strong fondness for the improbable has characterized mankind in all ages. Where is the land without its fairy-lore, and where the people about whose origin there have failed to gather myths rich and beautiful?

It is both curious and instructive to search among the annals of time for prophecies well attested in their origin and undoubted in their fulfillment. We have been accustomed to believe that the instances of authentic prophecy are bound up within the volumes of our sacred writings, but the page of history affords a rich store of prophetic utterances, and it is with some of these we mean to deal.

We shall advert first to the words of Chesterfield and Voltaire, with their fore-glimpses of the French Revolution, and to those of Franklin, Du Chatelet and Livingstone, with their fine prevision of the American Revolution.

In 1753 the Earl of Chesterfield wrote: "I think I see in France that before the end of the century the trade of both king and priest will not be half so good a one as it has been."

All symptoms which I have ever met with in history previous to great changes and revolutions in government now exist and daily increase in France." How well Chesterfield foresaw that mighty upheaval, and how nearly he divined the hour when it should flame forth, even so long before its occurrence, no one familiar with the history of the event need ask.

Thus, too, wrote Voltaire, in April, 1764, "Everything that I see is scattering the seeds of a revolution which will come inevitably. Light has so spread from neighbor to neighbor that on the first occasion it will kindle and break forth. Happy are the young, for their eyes shall see it." And in October, 1766, in a letter to d'Alembert upon the same subject, he inquires: "Can you tell me what will come within thirty years of the revolution which is taking effect in the minds of men from Naples to Moscow? I, who am too old to hope to see anything, commend to you the age which is forming." But a scant seven years remained of the period fixed by Voltaire's insight when, on the fateful fourteenth of July, 1789, the Bastille was stormed and the mightiest social cataclysm in the chronicles of time had begun.

So, also, a few minds had caught fore-glimpses of the American Revolution, its incidents and outcome. Franklin, writing from England regarding the probable result of a war for independence, foretold its exact duration when he said: "New England alone can hold out for ages against this country, and if they are firm and united seven years will win the day."

Du Chatelet, who was the agent in America of the French Government, wrote to Choiseul in 1768: "A great number of chances can hasten the revolution which all the world sees without daring to assign its epoch. I please myself with the thought that it is not so far off as some imagine. . . . To make themselves independent the inhabitants want nothing but arms, courage and a chief. If they had among them a genius equal to Cromwell, this republic would be more easy to establish than the one of which that usurper was the head. Perhaps this man exists; perhaps nothing is wanting but happy circumstances to place him upon an exalted theater." He little dreamed that the imposing figure about which that historic struggle should center was not afar, and that when the hour should strike the destined leader would appear!

Equally striking is the prediction by William Livingstone of the American Republic. As early as 1768 we have from him this passage: "The transfer of the European part of the family is so vast and our growth so swift that before seven years roll over our heads the first stone must be laid."

More wondrous, however, than any thus far mentioned in their lofty anticipation of events destined to leave a lasting impress upon the history of man are some notable prophecies of Thomas Jefferson, Tycho Brahe and Schiller. These far transcend in their accuracy forecast any of those in scriptural narrative which have exercised the tongues and pens of theologians, and which, if wholly authentic in origin, are quite as doubtful in meaning as the ambiguous oracles of ancient Greece.

Jefferson, pondering deeply the problem of chattel slavery, uttered the solemn warning: "Nothing is more certainly written in the book of fate than that these people are to be free. . . . It is still in our power to direct the processes of emancipation and deportation in such slow degree as that the evil will wear off insensibly and their way be *pari passu* filled up with free white laborers. If, on the contrary, it is left to force itself on, human nature must shudder at the prospect held up."

Viewed in the light of the awful contest which rent the nation a few decades after, these words seem as if spoken by the heavens. But besides this we find him in his character of astrologer drawing a singular prediction from the appearance of this comet. It announced, he tells us, that in the North, in Finland, there should be born a prince who should lay waste Germany and vanish in 1632. Gustavus Adolphus, it is well known, was born in Finland, over-ran Germany and died in 1632. The fulfillment of the details of this prophecy was, of course, nothing but a lucky hit, but we may convince ourselves that Tycho Brahe had some basis of reason for his prediction.

The prophecy of Tycho Brahe, who is mentioned in Chambers' *Encyclopædia* as "one of the most distinguished names of which astronomical science can boast," is one which bears no little interest for the curious in things occult. We quote from the writer of the article *Astrology* in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*: "We may notice a very remarkable prediction of the master of Kepler. That he had carefully studied the comet of 1577 as an astronomer we may gather from his adjusting the very small parallax of this comet to prove the assertion of the Aristotelians that a solar sphere enveloped the heavens. But besides this we find him in his character of astrologer drawing a singular prediction from the appearance of this comet. It announced, he tells us, that in the North, in Finland, there should be born a prince who should lay waste Germany and vanish in 1632. Gustavus Adolphus, it is well known, was born in Finland, over-ran Germany and died in 1632. The fulfillment of the details of this prophecy was, of course, nothing but a lucky hit, but we may convince ourselves that Tycho Brahe had some basis of reason for his prediction."

Far the most striking of all, however, is an utterance of Schiller anticipating the outcome of the revolution in France, the transformation of the French Republic into a monarchy and the marvels which should be wrought by the genius of Napoleon. A reference to this truly remarkable prediction is found in Edwin Emerson's *History of the Nineteenth Century*, where we find the following: "As early as 1794, he (Schiller) gave this forecast of the main results of the French Revolution, then at its height: 'The French Republic will pass away as suddenly as it arose. It will pass into anarchy and this will end in submission to a despot who will extend his sway over the greater part of Europe.'"

The question can not but urge itself upon the thoughtful mind, are these instances mere happy guesses? Or, in some mystic way, do lofty spirits reach the prophetic faculty veiled within the magic chambers of the mind? Or, again, are great souls during their highest moments—as, indeed, many of the world's sages have taught—within the silent touch and presence of earth's noblest departed and in unconscious communion with them—those who, for tens of centuries since their entrance into the richer life, have pondered nature's mysteries, have unlocked her secret lore and have folded aside the veil which shrouds the dim and distant future? We do not know. "There's more in heaven and earth than's dreamt of in your philosophy," says Horatio to Hamlet in the play, and the words are as full of truth to-day as when, three centuries ago, they were uttered by the immortal dramatist—Charles Kassel, in *May Arena*.

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ALL SOULS' DAY

By Sydney Carleton.

MRS. CARMARTHEN looked out through the grey-white lace curtains that veiled the hotel window on the grey-yellow morning of November 1.

Down the dingy street rose ugly green arches spotted with crude red and blue shields and extravagant mottoes; tight rolls of red and blue bunting, that would have been flags if the wind had let them, marked the overhead-trolley wires at regular intervals; every window, every railing, was covered with red, white and blue; every cornice and ledge fluttered with little red flags that were feverish on their dirty background in the shallow light of a clouded sky.

Mrs. Carmarthen observed these things with as much artistic disgust as was compatible with profound indifference. She had come to Halifax to assist at the reception of the first contingent of Canadian troops returning from South Africa as she did most things, because she was the wife of her husband. She was weary of patriotic leagues, sick of the raucous chant of *Soldiers of the Queen* that had made the streets ring for the last year. She turned impatiently from the window and settled herself to her toilette.

She knew perfectly well that the People—with a large P—were right and she wrong; would have given a pearl necklace for one spark of the enthusiasm that every street boy flamed with; it was she who was at fault, not the streets with their flags and arches; the meaning of her soul that despised them. A church bell, harsh, insistent, began to clang in the grey-white steeple she had seen over the opposite roofs; it had no sound of rejoicing in it, and, oddly enough, it startled Mrs. Carmarthen. There was mourning, exhortation, despair, in that clanging bell; it—

"Oh! All Souls' Day, of course!" she said to herself with a curious relief; somehow the preparations for rejoicing, the flags and baked meats, had made her feel superstitiously that this was a haggard old town, sitting decked in gauds to invite disaster. But the bell that had caught her ear with so ill-omened a sound was nothing but a summons to the faithful to come and pray for their dead.

Mrs. Carmarthen had no dead to pray for; besides, she was not a devout woman—unless it were devoted to pray half the night in her sleepless bed for a man who was a vagabond on the face of the earth, a forswearer of oaths, a gambler, and a hard man at that. She thought no more of that reverberant bell. It had nothing to do with her, who was not a religious woman.

Sometimes the minister's private secretary thought Mrs. Carmarthen's religion was Carmarthen's comfort; she observed it scrupulously enough. His house, his parties, his wellbeing that ran on wheels, were all her work; besides countless and unimportant details such as smoothing out people who might have ruined him and being civil to women who knew too much about him. Even the private secretary never wondered whether she cared for Carmarthen or not; she left no loophole for wonder. But he had once or twice found her with a deadly seriousness on her face.

She was oddly dressed for a woman with copper hair when at last she joined Carmarthen in the hotel lobby. Her brown gown was turned back with dull white lace and satin, the neck of it filled with a curious pale pink, very soft and transparent; there seemed to be scarcely anything between her white throat and the long chain of faint amethysts that encircled it twice and felt to her waist.

"Will you be warm enough?" said the private secretary involuntarily. He was

Carmarthen's cousin and white slave for an excellent salary and perhaps for the barren joy of sitting at Mrs. Carmarthen's table. If her religion were Carmarthen the private secretary was clever enough to hide that his was not.

"Oh, I'll wear a coat," she knew perfectly well that though Carmarthen had never looked at her, he would have looked hard enough if she had not been absolutely faultless, and she laughed with real amusement. She had, for once, forgotten all about Carmarthen when she dressed. The new French gown had reminded her of a day long ago when she had worn the same scheme of color with a girl's clumsy adjustment. She had made that brown serge herself and tucked an old *crêpe de Chine* scarf round her neck under the bodice. There had been no amethysts to put over the pink then, and yet—she would not finish the thought. She took her place in the carriage beside Carmarthen, and as she drove through the crowded streets no one would ever have imagined that the minister's wife was totally uninterested in the heroes she was going to see.

At the dockyard gates the half-washed, recklessly neck-tied and bonneted crowd who were interested surged against the guard of marines and the ruthlessly shutting gates as the minister's carriage passed through. Only two relatives of each returning soldier had been allowed admittance tickets, the herd of cousins and friends and well-wishers outside had to wait; they trampled the street into choking dust clouds and wiped their eyes and noses on their sleeves; handkerchiefs with Union Jacks on them were for waving, not for business use.

Mrs. Carmarthen, with a curious glance at the sea of working faces, had driven through them dry-eyed. Neither the pathos nor the joy of them had come home to her; she felt a little sorry for the men who were coming back to people like these.

She slipped on her coat with the ermine as she got out of the carriage and walked down on the jetty. There was the admiral to shake hands with, the governor, the officer commanding the garrison, a few women to be civil to; the band marched by her and the guard of honor speckled in their red tunics, and lined up behind the little group of authority and politics. In a few minutes the band began to play and then—and not till then—did Mrs. Carmarthen look at what she had come to see.

The trooper lay broadside on to the jetty, her lead-line high above the dull green gap of water between her and the land. The raw red orange of copper paint glared a full third up her side in the grey morning, and the dull black above it made it seem indecent. Mrs. Carmarthen's glance went higher up, to the double line of white rails round the deck. They stood out sharply against the muddy background of khaki that meant men who had been shot at and starved and rotted with fever, but Mrs. Carmarthen only saw it was an ugly mass of color after the scarlet uniforms below.

Some of the khaki background became alive, and turned into men who tugged with a will at the slowly-rising gangway that had jibbed suddenly half-way up. At the foot of it, crowding forward with each inch it gave, were those relatives of soldiers who had tickets.

Some of them were of Mrs. Carmarthen's class, and their faces were strained and patchy as those of the women in pitiful best clothes who elbowed them. The gangway began to move up faster, the band stopped in the middle of a blaring march and slipped softly into something else—*Home, Sweet Home*, with chords.

They were the bandmaster's pride, those chords. Slow, quiet, very peaceful, they came on the air, without ornament or riot of rejoicing.

"It's a dirge," said Mrs. Carmarthen sharply to the secretary, who only nodded absently.

It seemed to him very clever. The bandmaster's son had been killed in the war, and he must welcome home the live sons of other fathers. He did it without a minor chord or modulation; but even the visiting mayors of other towns saw the dead on the velvet though they shut their eyes to get rid of the mist in them. The bandmaster's eyes were open and hard.

"Come out of this crowd," Mrs. Carmarthen adjured the secretary; it was an uncalled-for epithet applied to heads of departments in affable conversation, but that *Home, Sweet Home* had been unpleasant.

"Up here," said the secretary briskly. An iron stage with a derrick on it was ten feet higher than the jetty, and he wanted to get within speaking distance of the Governor-General's A.D.C., whose gold aiguillettes were gorgeous over the white rail of the transport. A dozen people followed them up the iron ladder, unofficial strangers who had no hand to snatch at as the men came down the gangway. There was plenty of room behind the derrick, and a foot of platform and six of green water all there was between them and the towering black transport.

The secretary shouted gleefully to the Governor-General's aide (who had distinguished himself into a personage), and Mrs. Carmarthen's eyes followed the secretary's. For her the thing had dropped back again into a stage full of marionettes with the ending of that *Home, Sweet Home*. Her glance ran listlessly along the row of officers, tall and short, tanned and pale. Every man of them had a look he had not gone away with, a hardness as of long-fought irritation and anxiety; their smiles seemed only to veneer it thinly over. Mrs. Carmarthen looked for it in the eyes of the rows of privates and saw it was not there. They were grinning from ear to ear, clean and cheerful and in good case, their faces a line of brown and pink over their khaki.

"They're not a handsome lot, to be honest, nor particularly useful in everyday life," thought Mrs. Carmarthen pes-

simistically. "They had better enjoy their little day of being heroes. They'll be starving next winter when people are tired of—"

Her thought broke off in her head as if someone had hit it with a sledge-hammer.

Who was that leaning tall and quiet over the rail, his keen eyes on hers, his handsome face very still?

Mrs. Carmarthen's heart stopped beating.

She had never known he had gone to Africa; had not known where he was these five years past; had prayed for him in her sleepless bed these eighteen hundred and twenty-five nights and said to herself that she had forgotten on each relentless morning.

Her lips soundlessly and without her knowledge shaped themselves into his name, and as they did his eyes answered, and the answer clawed at the soul of Mary Carmarthen.

It was no matter where he had been, he was—merciless joy shook her where she stood—he was coming back! He was there before her eyes. God's mercy had given her back the sight of his face. And the men were beginning to come down the gangway.

It was for pure convenience that Mrs. Carmarthen turned her back on her husband's private secretary; she had forgotten all about him, also all about Carmarthen, who yards away on the jetty was prosing about "my department" to the mayors of St. John.

Her eyes were fixed on the fathomless, shining jewels, her face translucent with the light of her soul; that was in rapture. Nothing, nothing at all, could matter after this; no duty too weary, no self-denial too hard. To-day was the day of doom, and it did not mean damnation. There—from the very beginning perhaps God had meant so to pay Mary Carmarthen her wages; there—it stamped itself on her brain for ever—was Philip Crichton coming down the gangway.

Mrs. Carmarthen threw back her head as if it were her business to be proud of him.

"He trod the ling like a buck in spring, and he looked like a lance in rest," she said to herself, which was perhaps very little appropriate to a lean, dark man walking down a gangway. She knew without seeing what had become of the single file of men who had gone down before him. They had been swallowed up by the crowd of relatives who smiled crookedly and gulped in their throats as they turned away to the left with them, past Carmarthen and the heads of departments, off the jetty, and out on the yellowing grass of the free yard. The only difference with the men who had no relatives was that they bore away to the left alone. It would be an hour before they fell in again, company after company; an hour—

The private secretary turned from the disappearing line of his friends on the trooper as one by one they came down with their men, and perhaps his sins were not ripe for the reaping, for his start did not take him into the water below his toes.

Mrs. Carmarthen, in her Paris gown, was on her knees on the sooty iron staging, her ermine-trimmed coat trailing in a pool of rusty water, her hands stretched down to a man who stood on a beam below her. Mrs. Carmarthen, who was always caring for appearances, was caring for nothing now, but the hands that held hers were crumpling, fierce with joy and wonder, over the edge of the staging, saying something over and over again.

"You, you, you," she said, and the secretary jerked himself round that he might not see the look on her bowed face.

"Him!" he said to himself (and his elegant grammar had dropped off his speech and left it what it was in his first country school). "Good Lord, him!"

A Surprise Party

How the authoress Turned the Tables on Her Friends.

A distinguished authoress with her husband moved to a California fruit ranch to get free from stomach and nervous troubles. She tells her food story as follows:

"The change to outdoor life, abundance of fresh fruit, etc., did help us some, but as the necessity of cutting out all indigestible foods and thus striking at the root of the trouble, had not sufficiently impressed itself on our minds, we continued to indulge our appetites, till at last I was prostrated for a long time with a serious illness, during which I was simply starved on 'gruel and things.' One day while in this condition I demanded Grape-Nuts, merely because I wanted something I could chew. My wish was complied with under protest at first, however, and then as no bad results followed, the crisp, nutty grains were allowed me in the way of humoring a harmless whim.

"To the surprise of everyone, the stomach which had persistently refused to retain the sloppy messes usually fed to sick folks, readily assimilated the Grape-Nuts, and I was soon able to take two spoonfuls three times a day, and when I got to that point my health and strength came back to me rapidly. On recovery, and taking up my work again, I adhered to Grape-Nuts food for breakfast and supper, eating a good, plain dinner at noon. In four weeks I gained ten pounds in weight. I have constantly used Grape-Nuts food ever since and greatly to my advantage.

"My faith in Grape-Nuts was a matter of much jesting to my family, and once when my birthday came around, I was told that a special dinner would be prepared to honor the anniversary. When I entered the dining-room I was surprised to find it decorated with Grape-Nuts boxes, some empty, some full, and some filled with flowers, etc., and the joke was hilariously enjoyed. My time came, however, when I returned the surprise by producing a delicious Grape-Nuts pudding, and dates stuffed with rolled Grape-Nuts and cream. Then 'those who came to scoff remained to gorge themselves,' if I may be pardoned the expression. It has not been difficult since that day to win converts to Grape-Nuts. Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich.

Ten days' trial is proof.

And I never knew she knew him. What'll I do? What on earth will I do?"

He was doing it even while he was wondering, putting his burly shoulders to the weather side of her (which meant Carmarthen), noting with his sharp little eyes that the rest of the people on the staging were nobodies, who did not even know her name, were nothing but a living screen between her and the people who did.

"Bill Crichton—and her!" he groaned (it was not to be conceived that there was anybody in Canada who knew Crichton by his name of baptism). "And back to Canada. Bill! There'd be black trouble if it were anybody but her."

The grim loyalty that believes in spite of seeing sat well enough on his ugly face, but it did not comfort him. Every single evil thing he knew was embodied for him in those two words, "Bill Crichton."

"Pray the Lord he hasn't distinguished himself, got whitewashed out there," muttered the secretary devoutly. "If he dares to stay in Canada and be about with decent people he'll be breaking her heart inside a month, and there'll be no holding Carmarthen without her brake on him."

He was so dazed that he forgot to take out of his pocket a paper obtained from a friend in the Militia Department for Carmarthen's benefit—Carmarthen always wanted to be up in everything whether it concerned him or not—the record of every man in the contingent, his wounds, his services, his officer's report of him. It was the only time Carmarthen's thirst for information could have been of any use to his secretary, and he forgot it like a mere outsider; perhaps because he was sick with the groundless apprehension that Carmarthen might walk round the corner of the staging and see his wife holding Bill Crichton's hands.

For she was clutching them still; she had never stirred except to crouch a little lower towards him. She knew (though, perhaps, there were women who knew better) what the smooth, quick touch of his lips would be under the moustache that was so much fairer than his hair. She would have cast away her hope of glory to have felt that touch now.

The sun came out and struck those rows of flags that had been foolish, garish rags to Mrs. Carmarthen into a blazing glory alive and exultant in the wind. The meaning of them leaped to her blood; the victory of them; the rejoicing; the tears. She was sister to the women with tear-washed, smiling faces and unspeakable furies; to the men who spat in the gutters while they cheered in the street above.

Life surged and thundered in her veins that had been stagnant, burned in her eyes and in her hands that gripped Crichton's.

"Aren't you glad?" she cried (and Carmarthen would not have known her voice). "You're so quiet." It was she who had been quiet when last she saw his face.

"Glad!" said Bill Crichton, and it was queer that she felt as if she saw his soul; usually she had not even known if it lived in his body. "It's all I asked for, Mollie, do you remember—you've got a brown and pink gown on—it was like this once before."

"Never!" she quivered under the name no one ever called her, "never! I didn't know we were happy then. Now I know we're in heaven."

"It's a good exchange," he said simply as a man does of a satisfactory bargain, "I'd rather have this than heaven. I've come a long way just for this."

Causelessly his look reminded her that she was living before, and not after, the Judgment Day. Any second this might end, any stranger call him away; and at best there could be no more holding of hands after to-day.

"Where are you going?" she said with sudden jealousy of the house that would shelter him, the floors that would feel his step. "Are you going to stay in Canada?"

"I don't know. No," he answered almost carelessly. "But you're 'time-expired.' You can stay if you like."

He shook his head; his eyes drank hers as if they were pools of Paradise. "I'm not worrying over the future, Mollie"—his hands were warming as if her leaping blood had helped his that was thinned with fever—"you know now. You'll believe I loved you always, from far back."

She believed it; and out beyond and to the world to come—with her starved heart that had its fill as she gazed at him.

"I believe." It might have been the Creed she was saying. "Philip, is this all, out of all our lives?"

"I don't know," said the man the rest of the world called Bill. "But we've got to-day if it's only to say good-by. One day in the year is free to the dead, you know."

"What do you mean?" "It's All Souls' Day. They say the dead can come back if they try hard enough or the living care. If the dead dare come back on the chance of that, why, so can I, Bill Crichton, blackguard and all the rest."

"Don't say those things," she flashed at him.

"Oh, you knew them," gently. "It made no difference to you. That was why I came back, perhaps—but you know it wasn't. I wanted to see you and take the look of you to the grave with me. That's all."

"Why do you talk about your grave? Are you ill?"

"No," deliberately, "but you and I won't meet again till after death, I suppose. Love, my love, don't forget me! I was a blackguard to you in my day, but all the same the thought of you kept me beggarly soul alive. It was always yours, you know."

"It's part of mine," said the woman slowly. "Bone of your bone and flesh of your flesh I never was, but as God sees me I'll keep your soul mine, past death and the grave, if I never lay my eyes on your face again."

"Mrs. Carmarthen!" said the private secretary, and touched her shoulder in terror—for the last man was down the gangway, the band was moving, the peo-

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HERBERT C. JAQUITH,
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J. S. BACK,
704 Temple Bldg.

MRS. ADALYN E. PIGOTT,
26 Homewood Ave.

ple who had screened off Carmarthen dropping away one by one—"hadn't we better go?" and he started for the second time that day. For the face of Bill Crichton, ne'er-do-weel, loose-liver, and devil incarnate, shone where he stood like the face of one in Paradise; it was as if death itself had wiped the evil from him and left him clean for God's sight.

It was Bill Crichton who answered; Mrs. Carmarthen neither heard nor spoke.

"I'll go, Mollie," he said, "the time's up," and what else he said reached no ear but hers, for the secretary was glaring in despair over his shoulder to where Carmarthen ought to be. When he turned again there was no one at his side but Mrs. Carmarthen, standing up and perfectly quiet.

In utter silence the secretary helped her to the ground; in amazement and rage left her at her carriage. She went straight to her hotel, Heaven having kindly ordained that she was not asked to the banquet for the returned heroes. The secretary stood turning over in his perturbed mind what would happen if Carmarthen had seen, after all, and should run across Crichton at the banquet.

"I must smooth it over the best I can," he thought, and perhaps he was not without that three-o'clock-in-the-afternoon courage that is the hardest of all. He hauled from his pocket his borrowed militia list and glared at it to find some shred of heroism or even decent behavior on which Mrs. Carmarthen might have been congratulating Bill Crichton.

He found it. He stood with his mouth open at the unbelievable record of Philip Hippias Crichton (there was no Bill in the official list, but the almost forgotten name of an only son) till there came a voice within a foot of his nose.

"This is an awful business about Crichton! What ought we to do?"

"What the devil do you mean?" said the secretary in the cold fury of fright.

"He's dead," said the Governor-General's aide simply. "What are you looking like that for? Are you going dotty from too much Carmarthen?"

"Dead?" The secretary's shrewd eyes stared glazed and stupid. "Dead! Why—?" He never knew how he stopped himself, but he did, from saying that twenty minutes ago Crichton had been talking to Mrs. Carmarthen. "It's a mistake; a ghastly mistake!" he jabbered. For a moment he was oblivious of everything but the paper in his hand. "This says he's down for a V.C. and Lord knows what."

"I didn't know he was a pal of yours," the A.D.C.'s face was very gentle. "He hadn't many pals, you know, though he's made up for all that; he'd have had his V.C. if he'd lived. But he was more dead than alive from his wounds when he was put on board at Cape Town. After I came ashore this morning I went back to look after my invalids and found he'd got up and dressed and gone down the gangway—they said to speak to some woman. He came back as I was looking for him and was dead before I could get my arm around him—the nurse says he'd have died yesterday if he had been anyone but Bill Crichton; he was bound to live to get home. He must have been dying when he went ashore."

The secretary looked sharply at the A.D.C.'s eyes, but there was no intelligence in them. He thanked Heaven that Mrs. Carmarthen stood clear of talk, and that she was not the kind of woman who asked questions. She would never know the whole of it.

But Mrs. Carmarthen on her knees that night in her hotel bedroom knew well enough. Bill Crichton, after all, had whitewashed himself in Africa and had kept out of his grave clothes long enough to come and tell her so on the one day of the year that is free to the dead.—The Tattler.

Haying vs. Maying.

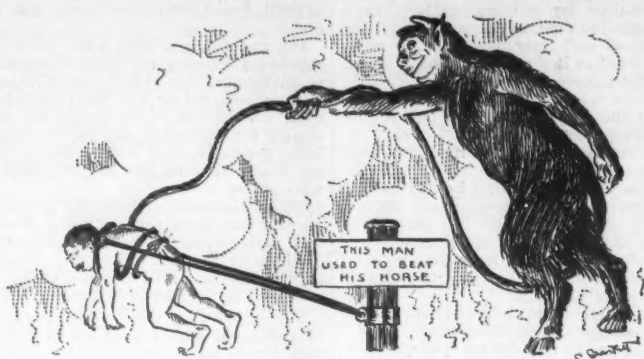
On a time I went a-Maying,
Long ago,
When much better I'd been haying,
Don't you know;
For the maiden that I Mayed with,
That I walked and talked and strayed with,
My old heart she took and played with—
She did so.

If I hadn't gone a-Maying,
Long ago,
But, instead, had gone a-haying,
Don't you know,
Then the hay I would have hayed with
I could use it now to trade with,
And to win another maid with—
I could so.

HARRIET WHITNEY DURBIN.

Diplomacy Defined.

"Will you give me a good definition of diplomacy?" asked a reporter of Emilio de Ojeda, Spanish Minister to the United States. "Certainly," but instead I will give you an illustration," replied the diplomat. "There was a certain tenant farmer who in great distress of mind waited upon his landlord one morning. 'I have bad news to report to you,' he said. The landlord, who was reading his newspaper, looked up with a frown. 'Bad news?' returned he. 'Bad news of what sort?' The tenant, twisting his rather dusty cap nervously in his huge hands, said: 'A terrible sort, sir. Your big black bull and my black bull got to fighting this morning, and my black bull gored yours to death.' 'I will hold you responsible!' replied the landlord excitedly. 'But wait a moment,' returned the tenant. 'You can't say that I am to blame. The two bulls got together, and they fought and one was killed. That is all there is to it. How am I to blame?' 'As a justice of the peace,' said the landlord reflectively, 'I know the law, and it says in plain terms that the owners of dangerous animals are responsible for the damage they do. Now, your bull killed mine, so you must make good the loss to me. That is the law.' 'All right, I will stand by the law,' said the tenant in true diplomatic style; 'but I was guilty of making a slight mistake when I said that my bull killed yours. It was yours that killed mine.'"



What the Devil's tail is for.

Alcoholism: Its Causes and Cures.

It is a jest at scars that never felt a wound. He rants at drink that never felt a crave. The average anti-alcoholist most unsympathetically ignores the difficulties of the alcohol-lover, himself not having suffered and often fallen. My first objection, then, to the ordinary reformers is that they are inhuman. They underestimate the enemy's powers, of which powers not the least is that the immediate effects are delightful—the surroundings, the color, the tastes, the comfort, the appetite, the goodwill, the sweet relief. Why, even Mrs. Eddy, leader of Christian Scientists, who says that no material thing is of the minutest account, warns her thousands of followers against alcohol and tobacco. Had ever an "unspiritual" evil a more eloquent testimonial to its influence?

My second objection to the anti-alcoholists is that they are, almost without exception, Negatives. They have, in their spheres, got no further than the Prohibitive Commandments. Their scheme is less than patchwork: inferior to Mosaic. It is simply, "You must not take alcohol."

True, the prohibitors give some reasons why not. Especially there is the cost—in the case of the cheap drinker, not less than sixpence a day; in the case of the expensive drinker not less than two shillings. But the reasons, I maintain, are for the most part unfair, one-sided, slipshod. I hate to abuse theories, but I had almost descended to calling these tirades "scientific"—which word seems to mean that you deny the power of the mind and emotions over the body and blood. Science in the study and science in the body are two very different things.

Unfair are the statistics of those who condemn alcohol unconditionally. Such arrears tell us that the fatal bad effects of alcohol—on cell, on tissue, on blood, on heart, on lungs, on liver, on brain, on nerve, on intellect, on morals—are mathematical and immediate. I assure these theorists that they are mistaken. I assure them also that alcohol is not a synonym for Satan. As well as alcohol, there are tea, coffee, cocoa; there is over-eating; there is—heaven save us from it—over-emotionalizing.

And again, when all the objections are admitted, where are we? Are we in the land of sinfulness because we do not take alcoholic liquors? Are we—I use the most forcible comparison, the comparison with the most powerful stimulant in the world—are we spotless merely because we are not living in the city of London? Or is the non-alcoholism just a means to an end? Read through the cranky literature on the subject, and you will imagine that non-alcoholism is the end—heaven, or whatever we call it. Emphatically, it is not the end; it is not an end, it is not the means; it is a means. It behooves the searcher to say not only that people

crave alcohol, but why, under what conditions, they crave it.

Let me state—not as a rule for others, but as a sample—why I have craved it. Flesh-foods and their extracts first: I should like to know the number of "vegetarians"—misguided people, often, but very earnest and well-wishing—who are dipsomaniacs. Secondly, highly-seasoned foods—pickles, ginger, curry, hot sauces. Thirdly, unwholesome foods, leading to effort beyond the resources in hand. In other cases, other causes.

But above all, in the mental sphere, over-excitement. I have collected from time to time many candid confessions. Here are some of them: The causes of the desire—the immediate and instant causes, at least—the writers put down as pain or sorrow, fatigue, but—and the number is scarcely smaller—in other instances pleasure or comfort, energy. (What "scientist" has ever assigned to excessive energy a desire for alcohol? Yet victims tell me it is a real incentive.) Then there is elation, artistic or religious. Then there is excess of condition generally. In a word, there appears to be a loss of poise, an upset of equilibrium, at the root of the mental source of dipsomania.

The desire to restore balance—was there ever a more divine tendency? When on earth will the "scientists" see that the desire is right, the direction of satisfaction and relief wrong? On the day that they see this they will be as men knowing good in evil.

All these causes and their corresponding cures still appear as negative, except the inadequate food. I have been asked what I should do if some rich man diverted his thousands from libraries, and pictures, and hospitals, and commissioned me to organize a non-alcoholic home. I should not coop up poor patients in miserable, impatient on-the-verge-of-suitide abstinence. More than one "home" is of this cramping nature.

No. First I should find out from actual examples which ways had succeeded and which had failed. I should collect evidence.

I should find out that fresh fruits, water-sipping, this or that drug, had succeeded. I should feel justified in excluding no real help. I should find that "Suggestion" by another had led to freedom from the habit and to general self-control. If a man could by sheer will-power conquer, well and good. But if he could not, then I should seek any one or more of many ways that I know.

Exactly similar would be the treatment of those who—perhaps the people with the greatest and most brilliant careers before them—are slaves of their passions. I should not care to pigeon-hole the vices of man and to say that he who sins this sin is the vilest of the vile, whereas he who sins that sin is not particularly to blame, "because it is so comfortable" (and so customary).

There would be a fairly long period of treatment, without break. A man must form new memories (as Professor William James says) consecutively. Hitherto his cerebral connection has been between "pleasure" (or "less comfort") and "alcohol." Let him now link "pleasure" to some less disastrous and costly idea—some other drink or food or exercise or recreation. But, while he is creating the new chains and links between satisfaction and saner things, let him be rapidly isolated from the old associations. Let the new habit continue without intermission.

Recreation, in the form of music, novels, and games; sensible physical exercise; carefully-selected water treatments, whose name is legion; unstimulating but sustaining diet; massage, and practical instructions on these and other matters; mental training; moral training—a world too wide for the pedant's shrink skull; short and interesting lectures; perfect freedom of confession and consultation; and—last but not least—any approved "treatment."

Only one can I recommend with confidence. It consists simply in the drinking of a certain (not "inorganic") drink at intervals of forty-eight hours. Then, it seems, there follows a distaste for alcohol—a distaste prevailing over the temptations of the music-hall artiste, the commercial traveller, the cattle-drover, the barmaid, the ordinary bachelor or husband, the ordinary spinster or wife. If this still succeeded, I would include it. On the other hand, I would not neglect the positive remedies—recreation, exercise, massage, diet.

Why such violent means as a "drug"? The "natural hygiene" advocates will ask. Because modern man is in a hurry. He demands immediate or quick effects. I do not consider him much the better, mentally and morally, merely because he has taken ten glasses of some yellow-green liquid. But physically—well, ask the Oppenheimer patients themselves what they feel and think and do. It is a matter of statistics. Let the evidence be examined and published.

It will be found that there is no sovereign road to cure. There are many avenues to control. Individuality is the first truth—individuality in method and in motive. One for economy, another for athletic fitness, another for his soul. To each man his own path and his own goal, so long as he is led towards real success.

But one plan is (almost beyond discussion) wrong. This is to tell the victim (whether another or oneself) that he is hopelessly bestial. Tell him that he has

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Bad Breath
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potentialities of success along the line of his ambition—and other lines—and you give him a motive. But does not sit on his head.

It is so with the slaves to their passions.—Eustace Miles in London Daily Mail.

Helping the Mother Tongue.

NOTWITHSTANDING that literary precisions pretend a vast disdain for newspaper English or "journalism," the mother tongue is really more at home in the "columns of the press" than in the most daintily wrought compositions of literary exquisites. Journalists, as a class, do not take time or trouble to search their vocabularies for the one right word, or to polish a phrase until it is as perfect, and as artificial, as a porcelain tooth; but their language is the language of the people—the spoken rather than the written tongue—racy and idiomatic, and its very faults are those of a living language, undergoing development, expanding to fit the changing needs of the people, dropping as obsolete words no longer useful, just as a tree drops last year's leaves, and putting forth new words, expressing new shades of meaning, as a tree puts forth green leaves in each recurring spring.

Watching the papers, one can see the language constantly changing, growing from within by virtue of the inherent force of a living speech. Some of these changes seem bad; all growth is not good; the tree produces knots as well as tender green leaves; but in the long run we shall become reconciled to vulgarities, slang and misuses of words; first abhor, then wink at, then embrace; just as we have become reconciled in the past to many a barbarous word and phrase, once sinister, now legitimized.

For example, the word "redhanded" is gradually acquiring a meaning synonymous with "caught in the act" or *flagrante delicto*. Properly, of course, a person who is taken redhanded by the police is taken in the act of spilling human blood. The figure is applied accurately only to crimes in which blood is let. Yet a paper recently stated in a headline that a thief was caught "redhanded" in the act of committing petty larceny; and the error probably was noticed by very few readers. As yet, "redhanded" in that sense has not been approved by the best usage, but the vulgarity of to-day is the idiom of to-morrow.

Still another word in process of evolution is "carnival," which means literally "farewell to flesh," and was applied at first only to the celebration of Shrove Tuesday, the day preceding Ash Wednesday, and ushering in the Lenten abstinence from meat. In popular usage, "carnival" is now applied to any sort of festival, and while this misuse shocks the nice ear of one who knows his Latin and his English, it is destined surely to force recognition from the most exclus-

ive and conservative of stylists. As yet, however, such phrases as "An Athletic Carnival" ruffle the sensitive soul of the verbal purist.

That very word "verbal" is another illustration of the tendency of words to alter their meanings. "Verbal" means "relating to words." Yet it is commonly employed as an equivalent for "oral." A verbal agreement is an agreement expressed in words, whether written or oral; yet who, when he hears the phrase, does not understand by it a spoken rather than a written agreement? Fifty years hence "verbal" will probably be restricted to the scope of "oral" by the best usage.

The word "feature," once applied only to the human body, now covers a multitude and variety of things, and the line, "How noble, young, how rarely featured!"

would now suggest a newspaper headliner rather than a Shakespearian hero or heroine. And so of many other words.

Men whose trade is writing ought to have a lively sense of the exact meaning of every word and every phrase employed by them; but even the good Homer nodded, as we know, and the lesser tribe of scribblers are not critical. No man who thinks precisely would write that "a suit was filed to-day"—yet that is a common expression. A suit is commenced by filing a complaint, but the suit itself is not filed. Only the papers, the documents in a suit, are put on the file. So, also, a writer who had in mind the meaning of "unique" would not call a thing the "most unique" of its kind.

The ease with which examples can be found demonstrates the general lack of exact knowledge of words. Nor does it justify the misuse of words to point out that posterity will accept and approve the newer and at present incorrect uses. In the use of words, as in the choice of apparel, it becomes a gentleman to linger a little behind the fashion.

7:45 p.m. to New York.

This is the time of the new fast express via Grand Trunk Railway System, enabling passengers to partake of evening dinner before with their family at home or at hotel. Dining-car attached, serving breakfast before arriving in New York. Ticket, reservations and full information at city office, north-west corner King and Yonge streets.

Lord Malcolm of Pottalloch, arguing one day with an old herdsman as to the excellences of a newly-purchased bull, laid much stress on a long pedigree. The animal was a very plain-looking brute. The herdsman thought his master had been "done," and he said so. "He has the best blood in the Herd Book," urged Pottalloch. "Am glad to be hearing it," rejoined the man, respectfully; "for a' never saw one that had mair need o't!"

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What Shall We Eat?

SIR HERBERT MAXWELL, M.P., writing in the *London Outlook*, discusses the various fads in regard to diet which have their periodic runs. Evidently Sir Herbert is no vegetarian, nor is he likely to be popular with vegetarians, whom he classifies as faddists—but the article contains a number of scientific facts which should be of general interest. Here it is:

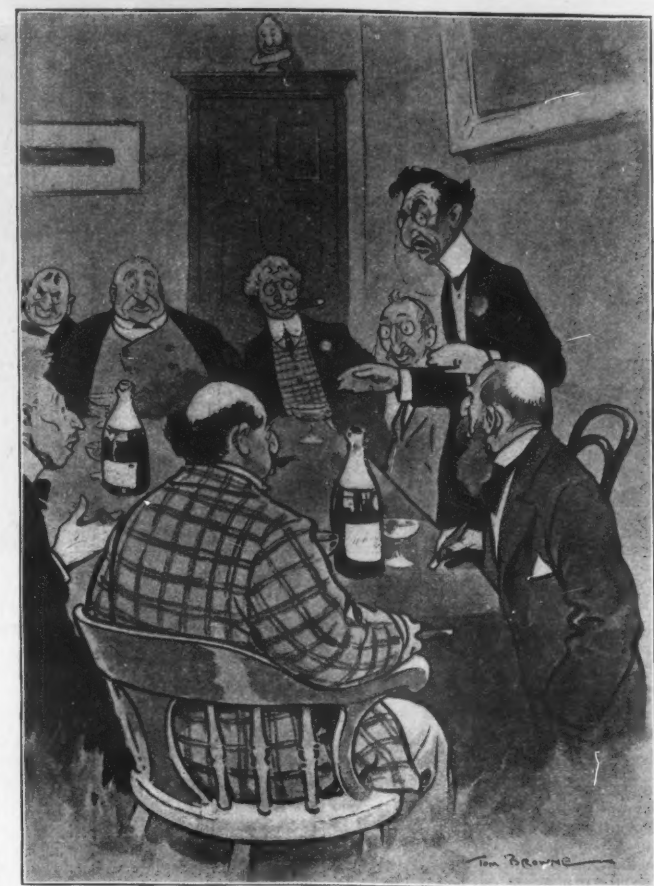
In these days of cheap abundance, the like of which the world has never seen, and to which it may be that the world will one time look back with wistful wonder, full-fed folks are continually changing their fads of diet. It is not many years since people suffering the natural consequences of chronic rejection were prescribed a "cure" consisting mainly of bread and butter's meat. Green vegetables were proscribed; the homely "later" was anathema; acres of beef and mutton were consumed in simple faith that through them should length of days be most surely attained. Now the boot is on the other leg: vegetarianism is all the vogue among those who take thought what they shall eat and what they shall drink. Bridge and boiled cabbage came in together, and who shall say which has the firmer hold upon persons of fashion? Like other fads, vegetarianism has left its mark on the Statute Book. In 1567 the Scottish Legislature enacted that, whereas "it is a great hurt to the common weill of this realm the indifferent and daily eating of fleshe within the same," no person was to eat meat upon three days in each week. There is no Bill at present before Parliament dealing with this matter, but who shall declare that such legislation is not impending? Only a few days ago I sat at dinner in the House of Commons next a young member (en-

viably young, as we reckon youth in that over-ripe assembly), rosy and plump, with all the outward semblance of a faultless digestion. *Ne crede color!* Soon it was manifest that he was upon strict regimen: soup—fish—he would none of them; *entrées*—joints—he dismissed almost with a shudder; but he punished the peas, potatoes and pudding properly. He assured me that fish and eggs were just as pernicious as a rump steak, but that of herbs, cheese, bread and butter one might safely partake. He warned me against tea and coffee as slow—not very slow—poison. Strange to say, he looked upon the wine when it was red, and lo! it was port.

Well, well; life-long habits are not to be broken in the twinkling of an eye. I slunk away, a shame-faced carnivore, to the tea-room, there to risk my life with *le café qui caresse les digestions racées*. It was encouraging to find there a physician of considerable note, an abstainer. I believe, sipping a comfortable cup of tea. Not so comfortable, methought, as his merits entitled him to, for he was dipping dry toast in it. Now if there is one substance in which the catering department of the House of Commons excels it is butter. I ventured to suggest some. "Butter!" exclaimed the medico-legislator, "I never touch it. It is most pernicious."

Now whether shall the plain citizen turn for guidance? Where doctors differ so widely and shift their ground with such bewildering rapidity, the temptation to exercise private judgment is very great.

Meanwhile vegetarianism seems to be on the up grade. The Roast Beef of Old England is not in it. The consumption of lentils and greengrocery, succotash and sweet corn, is going up by leaps and bounds. The favorite quack food is no longer bovril but grape-nuts, which, by the by, contain neither grapes nor nuts in their composition. "Any nuts or apples, gentlemen?" cried a vendor of these fruits to the people on a coach at a race-meeting. "No," was the coarse reply; "d'ye take me for a bloomin' monkey?" Well, but that is just what you are, argues the vegetarian. Look at your teeth: are they teeth of a tiger or a polecat? No, they are the teeth of apes, and you should feed accordingly. He points exultingly to the most gigantic terrestrial mammals—elephant, hippopotamus, giraffe, rhinoceros—all reared on herbs. And here, by grace of Mr. Carnegie, comes to clinch the argument the skeleton of the most enormous four-footed creature known—the fossil *Diplodocus*—measuring 70 feet from end to end, yet with weak jaws and grind-



THE COMMITTEE MEETING.

Mosenstein (suddenly)—Great The ott! I've forgotten to lock up my thafe.
Chairman—Vell! Vot are you vorrying about; we're all here, ain't we?
The Taffer.

ing teeth betokening a vegetable diet. True, but to balance these the meat-eaters may weigh in with the marine mammals. Hitherto we have read in class-books that whales lived upon jelly-fish, the nearest approach they could find to pumpkins; for the ocean is sadly deficient in nutritious vegetables, and its denizens are driven to a life of rapine unpleasant to contemplate. But Mr. R. C. Haldane can supply us with new evidence upon the diet of the greatest of all known mammals, extant or extinct—the rorqual (*Balaenoptera musculus*). Until the invention a few years ago of a combined explosive shell and harpoon, even steam whalers dared not attack this mighty brute. But the Greenland right whale having been hunted to extinction, or nearly so, steam whalers, equipped with the new armament, have tackled the rorqual or "finner" with deadly effect. Not that it is child's play even with these advantages. The rorqual grows to a length over all of 80 feet, some authorities declare of more than 100. Anyhow, it could not be fitted in between any wickets. In March, 1903, an explosive harpoon was fired into one of these monsters, which, not being strack in the vitals, went off at score. It towed that steamer, with engines reversed at full speed, more than 200 miles, and only succumbed after a fight lasting twenty-six hours.

The rorqual is not vegetarian; far from it. It is Mr. Haldane's lot to live in the odoriferous neighborhood of three whaling stations which have been estab-

From Same Box

Where the Foods Come From.

"Look here, waiter, honest, now, don't you dip every one of these flaked breakfast foods out of the same box?" "Well, yes, boss, we d'uz, all 'cept Grape-Nuts, 'cause that don't look like the others and people know 'zactly what Grape-Nuts take. But there's 'bout a dozen different ones named on the bill of fare and they are all thin rolled flakes, so it don't make any difference which one a man calls for, we just take out the order from one box."

This talk led to an investigation. Dozens of factories sprung up about three years ago making various kinds of breakfast foods, seeking to take the business of the original prepared breakfast food—Grape-Nuts. These concerns after a precarious existence, nearly all failed, leaving thousands of boxes of their foods in mills and warehouses. These were in several instances bought up for a song by speculators and sold out to grocers and hotels for little or nothing. The process of working off this old stock has been slow. One will see the names on menus of flaked foods that went out of business a year and a half or two years ago. In a few cases where the abandoned factories have been bought up, there is an effort to resuscitate the defunct, and by copying the style of advertising of Grape-Nuts, seek to influence people to purchase. But the public has been educated to the fact that all these thin flaked foods are simply soaked wheat or oats rolled thin and dried out and packed. They are not prepared like Grape-Nuts, in which the thorough baking and other operations which turn the starch part of the wheat and barley into sugar, occupy many hours and result in a food so digestible that small infants thrive on it, while it also contains the selected elements of Phosphate of Potash and Albumen that unite in the body to produce the soft grey substance in brain and nerve centers. There's a reason for Grape-Nuts, and there have been many imitations, a few of the kind and character of the advertising. Imitators are always counterfeiters and their printed and written statements cannot be expected to be different than their goods.

This article is published by the Postum Co. at Battle Creek. Additional evidence of the truth can be supplied in quantities.

lished in Shetland for the special pursuit of rorquals, and he devoted himself last summer to examining the contents of the stomachs of the "fish." He had plenty of opportunity, for the bloody work was brisk; no fewer than 230 whales, all rorqual except seven, were accounted for during the season at these three stations. He found that "kril" or cuttles and shrimps—millions upon millions of them—were the staple food of these giants between the middle of April and the middle of June. Then the herrings came in, as much as two barrels being found inside a bull finner on August 19. Desmoulin told us long ago that he had seen six hundred large cod and Lord knows how many pilchards taken from the stomach of a rorqual. Anyhow, a thousand herrings at a sitting must have been an agreeable change after weeks of jelly-fish. Nevertheless, in a paper communicated to the *Annals of Scottish Natural History* for April, Mr. Haldane says: "I think that Finner whales only eat herrings when kril and shrimps are not to be got." As for a sperm whale, only 56 feet long, which was taken at one of these Shetland stations, it contained a very mixed bag—viz., a large skate, a fishing-frog or angler (*Lophius*), the head of a large shark, and lumps of blubber which the said shark, shortly before meeting his doom, had grabbed out of the flanks of a rorqual.

Thus the vegetarian's appeal to the great pachyderms, as proof of the superior physical results of a diet of herbs, breaks down. The hugest mammals in the world are carnivorous. Granted that the food of all terrestrial animals is of ultimate vegetable origin, it is found convenient to allow other creatures to undertake for us the lengthy process of browsing and gnawing, and to save time by supporting our systems with the condensed product. It is common, but unwise, to forget that it is condensed. Dim perception of this fact is, perhaps, one cause for the welcome shortening of bills of fare which has come lately into fashion, both in the best hotels and at the tables of discerning hostesses.

Type-writer Idyl.

Her fingers wander softly
O'er the responsive keys,
While the curls on her girlish forehead
Are fanned by the vagrant breeze.

The poet sits beside her,
Watching her finger-tips,
While words of burning passion
Flow from his ardent lips.

"I love you, sweetheart, I love you,
Better than even life.
Oh, make of my arms a haven,
And say you'll be my wife!"

She blushes and pauses a moment—
(Oh, too responsive keys!)—
"I'll have to start again, sir—
I've spelled 'be' with two E's."

MARY ROBERTS RINEFART.

Reflections of a Bachelor

One way to find out how nice a girl isn't is to marry her.

Vanité is what other people think of what you think about yourself.

A jolly fat baby makes most anybody forget how slim his bank account is.

A woman dresses very queer to have her figure always look different from what it is.

What a girl likes about a big, strong man is the way she can twist him around her little finger.

It's a terrible temptation to a woman to want to make herself believe that men are pursuing her.

Half the time a girl marries a man because she can't bear to think how bad he will feel if she doesn't.

A woman's clothes are nine-tenths of the joy she has in life and ninety-nine one-hundredths of the sorrows of the man who pays for them.

Lady Gay's Column

ONE of the little touches of pathos one is apt to meet now and then is that of the empty house, where one has been accustomed to see bright faces and hear welcoming voices. The windows are stripped of their dainty laces and gleam cold and naked and dead; through their unshielded squares one catches glimpses of the blankness within. The doors are curiously closed, the grass grows apace, the paths are already looking uncared for, but it is the windows that hold the void, the tragedy of absence, the blank of death. One longs for shutters to close upon that cold, glassy square as one softly presses down upon the awfulest dead feature of the marble face once warm to our kisses. Little children riot into the garden of the empty house, breaking off and bearing away long white plummy branches of the flowering apple trees, soft dainty bouquets of "May" or shy and stolen lily bells, filched from their festness of dark green. They rush off, leaving the gate swinging wide, and glancing back fearfully at the blank windows, as if expecting some weird accusing face to look down upon their vandalism. For them it is treasure trove, the stolen beauty that grows about the empty house; for us it is the memory, sweet and spicy, or daintily fragrant, of some gracious soul, some beautiful face, some dulcet voice, some good and lovely influence in which our best nature used to bask and develop and grow strong. And we turn away from the blank windows with a sudden sense of loss, of pain, of the inevitable change and chance that rends life from day to day.

It was about a year ago that, in roaming through the St. Louis Fair, I came across a quiet but important Japanese person, contemplating a wonderful tea service of semi-transparent china whereupon sailed in dignified flight a V-shaped company of storks. The small person looked up with that reticent, keen and noncommittal gaze of the Orient, a look which puts you and me out on the doorstep at once, a look which it is bad enough to meet once in a lifetime. I always feel cheap when an Oriental gives me such a glance, and humbly tap on the door and beg to be received even into the outer court, and sometimes it happens that a corner of the veil may seem to be lifted. That is all, for between us and them is something I cannot describe, but which I cannot do away with. The little high and mightiness who was gazing at the tea-set, and probably recalling tea-parties in Tokio, was gracious with the alert, intelligent politeness of those little brown wonders, his people. We speculated on the chances of the war, and I waxed warm over the already superior Japanese soldiers and officers. "I hope," said I, "that you'll give the Russians a good licking. Don't you think it's likely?" He shook his little black head and hesitated, then looked up brightly. "We hope so!" he said quickly. I wonder where he is to-day, that little Jap! Is he out in Portland, Oregon, at this year's Fair, or is he proudly taking tea from a service done in storks, while Tokio glows with the tempered light of a million lanterns and the triumphant little heroes and sheroes trot about with weird banners and celebrate their victory over that misguided lot of sailor men in the Straits of Korea? Here's to his little black knob, that shook so discreetly, and to his game little modest "We hope so!"

The statement that want of religious instruction for children of the present generation will result in increased crime and unhappiness very shortly is, I believe, a truth which should be accepted and acted upon. In our young days we had plenty of such safeguarding and can acknowledge how often the old precepts, however formally presented and accepted, have borne valuable fruit, in times of stress and temptation and sorrow and pain. It has gone out of fashion for the mother to set prim little sleek-haired mortals in a row on Sunday mornings and hear them repeat that much gabbled lesson of my earliest days, the Church Catechism, upon which, say what one may, the most sensible and useful pattern of duty and obligation may be formed. That long answer as to what is one's duty to one's neighbor will, properly lived up to, make a man or a woman lovable and worthy. I wonder how many little ones of six or seven years, who can tell you every funny act of the Katzenjammer Kids or Buster Brown, could rattle off as we did that wonderful summing up of their "duty." To us in those days the colored supplements would have looked utterly vulgar and horrible, and the Katzenjammer family have answered to certain presumably wicked and impossible youngsters with whom we were not on speaking terms; and yet we were not in the least priggish youngsters, as I remember us. When the little old lady was young and had black curls she used to make us read the Psalms of David until we knew them by heart. She never talked familiarly to us of the Love that encompasses the world, nor let us, so to speak, sit on the footstool of the throne. There was a solemnity and a reverence even in her tone, a deeply impressive one, as she began her verse of the Psalm, and we, in dutiful imitation, sank our voices to respectful cadence as we uttered the sometimes blood-curdling verses. Even in those young hours there were Psalms I quite dreaded reading, but the little old lady, her enemy's children might beg their bread, and we gravely wished her wife might be a widow, and despite later enlightenment I maintain that it was all good for us. The gentler teachings of to-day would appeal to children more sanely and sweetly if they were only given to them, but it seems that other things are crowding and that the little minds are as full of what is emphatically of the world as they used to be.



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empty. Instead of "original" sin of their own manufacture and contrivance, which was what we spent our leisure in, the little ones of to-day have, through various channels, the sins of grown-up criminals to ponder on and imitate. A lurid poster of desperadoes doing to death a prisoner results in two little imitators trussing up an infant brother and nearly killing him. A blatant account of the killing of an infant is followed by a murderous imitation by a child scarcely in her teens. If their duty to their neighbor had been learned as faithfully in dread of a "corner" or a "shingle" as we learned it, the youthful minds would have had, as a first indelible impression, the idea of kindness, protection, help and responsibility in connection with their kind. One might elaborate and discuss this thought very much more fully, but what avail? It is so important that our little ones shall know the fancy dances and our bigger ones have B.A. degrees; it is so old-fashioned to learn the Catechism and read the Psalms of David, and mothers don't know how to clothe themselves in solemn reverence until the little ones are properly subdued and impressed; and as for sending any girl of fourteen to church with instructions to mark and learn the text and remember what she could of the sermon, can you imagine the amusement of the miss with the pompadour and touche side rattle off as we did that wonderful summing up of their "duty." To us in those days the colored supplements would have looked utterly vulgar and horrible, and the Katzenjammer family have answered to certain presumably wicked and impossible youngsters with whom we were not on speaking terms; and yet we were not in the least priggish youngsters, as I remember us. When the little old lady was young and had black curls she used to make us read the Psalms of David until we knew them by heart. She never talked familiarly to us of the Love that encompasses the world, nor let us, so to speak, sit on the footstool of the throne. There was a solemnity and a reverence even in her tone, a deeply impressive one, as she began her verse of the Psalm, and we, in dutiful imitation, sank our voices to respectful cadence as we uttered the sometimes blood-curdling verses. Even in those young hours there were Psalms I quite dreaded reading, but the little old lady, her enemy's children might beg their bread, and we gravely wished her wife might be a widow, and despite later enlightenment I maintain that it was all good for us. The gentler teachings of to-day would appeal to children more sanely and sweetly if they were only given to them, but it seems that other things are crowding and that the little minds are as full of what is emphatically of the world as they used to be.

LADY GAY.

An Oklahoma man has discovered that there were department-stores in ancient Hebrew days. He quotes the fourteenth verse in the fourteenth chapter of Job: "All my appointed time will I wait, till my change come."

The Maid—I suppose a loving wife suffers as much as her husband when he happens to be ill? The Wife—Yes; and he usually sees to it that she suffers more.

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THE DRAMA



MISS HENRIETTA CROSMAN, who is known in Toronto as a charming and clever actress, opened her week's engagement with Mr. Hazeltin's well-known play, *Mistress Nell*. Everyone has some idea of what *Nell Gwyn* was like, and Miss Crosman succeeds to a great extent in successfully portraying the quick, clever repartee, the roguishness and general charm of body and mind that captured the heart of "Old Rowley." It is well that she does, for a more dismal performance by the rest of the company would be hard to find. Perhaps that is too strong. Mr. Reeves Smith as *Charles II.* is good; his impersonation is in some ways original. As a companion rogue of *Nell's* he is delightful, but never can he be called kingly. In fact, dignity, kingly or otherwise, is sadly missing throughout the whole play. *The Duke of Buckingham*, who, with all his faults, was a great noble, is represented as little better than a counter-jumper. *The Earl of Rochester*, polished wit and courtier, is rough and uncouth, and as to the other courtiers, well, we had better say nothing about them. Mr. Herbert sometimes rises above the rut in his impersonation of *Stringers*, the old fiddler, and J. R. Furlong acts with the stagginess that is compatible with the character he portrays. The play itself is distinctly halting, not particularly well staged, and the costumes make us regret that we ever wished—most of us have—to return to the dress of that period. Miss Crosman deserves something better than the vehicle she has chosen, and we should like to see her again with a good play and a competent company. On Tuesday evening and Wednesday matinee Miss Crosman presented *Nance, Oldfield and Madeline*. As this is the end of the season, perhaps a word of advice to the Princess Theater managers might be allowed—let them try by next season to secure an orchestra.

In the former play, Miss Crosman's work cannot fail to suffer from an involuntary comparison with that of Sir Charles Wyndham or Mr. Willard as *David Garrick*. The strong scene of both plays is that in which the artist, from a sense of honor, transforms into disgust the sentiments of an ingenuous worshipper; and delightful as is Miss Crosman's characterization on the whole, her acting in this crucial scene lacks the refinement that good taste demands. The *David Garrick* still fresh in our memories was a gentleman—even when drunk; and *Nance Oldfield* would add greatly to her undoubted charms by the addition of a handkerchief and the omission of the hair-dressing in her first interview with *Alexander Oldworthy*. The part of that respectable Philistine, *Nathan Oldworthy*, was played with irresistible humor by Mr. William Herbert; and Miss Fanchon Campbell as *Susan Oldfield* portrayed to perfection the ingenuous and amusingly susceptible country girl. Mr. Addison Pitt as the *Alexander Oldworthy* of this play, and also as the *Sir Charles Campbell* of *Madeline*, found a congenial role in the idealizing lover. Of *Madeline*, from the dramatic standpoint, the most favorable thing that can be said is that it was not as "unpleasant" as it might have been, considering the Frenchness of the subject. Its most objectionable feature was a heroine who, throughout the two acts of the tragedy, exhibited all the phenomena of hysterics—under circumstances when some attempt at self control would have been more edifying and more effective. For this, of course, the playwright, not the company, was to blame, and to the excellent acting of Miss Crosman as *Madeline Debray*; Mr. H. Reeves Smith as *Norman Luard*; Miss Victoria Addison, Miss Fanchon Campbell and Mr. Addison Pitt in minor roles, is due the enjoyment which the audience evidently derived from the play.

The *Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, with Miss Eugenie Blair in the title rôle is at the Grand Opera House this week and is not a particularly edifying play. *Aubrey Tanqueray* marries a woman with a past in order to give her a fair chance to regain her social position. Unfortunately he has a saintly daughter, the child of his saintly first wife, and it is this girl, *Ellen*, who causes most of the misery. Miss Blair gives a forcible impersonation of a woman striving to redeem her somewhat shady past by leading the life of a respectable married woman. Alas! ghosts of that dead past get up and interfere with her dreams, and it all ends in tragedy. Miss Blair is very versatile—jealousy, affection, humor, are all excellently portrayed and one's sympathy goes out instinctively to the poor tortured soul whose life is "hell on earth." Mr. Edmund Elton gives a good piece of acting as *Aubrey Tanqueray*. Mr. Lincoln Plumer as *Cayley Drummond*, the humorous man of the world and steadfast friend, is natural and convincing. Miss Edna G. Brothers takes the part of *Ellen*, the daughter, and although rather stiff at first, redeems herself in the last act. The rest of the characters are in capable hands and the whole performance is well balanced. The stage setting and costumes are good.

There are some excellent turns at Shea's this week, the most enjoyable of which is *The Rounder*, presented by I. C. Nugent and Jessie Charron. There is nothing very great in the plot, but the lines are very funny and create much laughter and none of them are offensive. Sullivan and Pasquelena have a turn that is rather vulgar but seems to amuse. The Five Valdares have a bicycle turn that is above the average. Mazuz and Mazette are acrobats and funny on account of their ridiculous make-up. Lillian Shaw sings with the eternal Hebrew dialect, but is uninteresting. The Orpheus Comedy Four received their usual welcome and deserve it.



Mr. Douglas A. Paterson.



Miss MacKidd.



Miss Dalby.



Miss Glendinning.

FOUR OF THE PRINCIPALS IN THE PRESS CLUB'S PRODUCTION OF A BACHELOR'S ROMANCE, AT THE PRINCESS THEATER, JUNE 6.

Al Lawrence is rather absurd with his jokes and grimaces and with the kinetograph completes the bill.

The following is the cast of characters in *A Bachelor's Romance*, which the Toronto Press Club produce at the Princess on June 6:

David Holmes, literary critic..... Douglas A. Paterson
Gerald Holmes, his younger brother..... Robert Stuart Pigott
Harold Reynolds, rising and confident..... Egbert Durand
Archibald Lytton Savage, awaiting his chance..... Fred J. L. Harrison
Martin Beggs, David's confidential clerk..... J. Harry Smith
Mr. Mulberry, whose chance is gone..... J. Edgar Middleton
Sylvia Somers, David's ward..... Miss Ruth MacKidd
Helen Le Grand, David's sister..... Miss Irene Glendinning
Harriet Leicester, a social slave..... Miss Irene Glendinning
Miss Clementina, acid but kind..... Miss Mabel Dalby

This play, which was a favorite of the late Sol Smith Russell, tells in a refreshing way of the complete regeneration of a bachelor bookworm into an alert piece of humanity by his seventeen-year-old ward, who, before the story begins, has been relegated to the tender mercies of an acrid old maid. Hard and fast rules of conduct begin to pall on vivacious Sylvia, who finally hunts out her rightful guardian, *David Holmes*. *Holmes* finds himself unable to cope with the situation, and with his meager knowledge of the ways of youth is soon brought under his ward's vigorous thumb. Escorting her to balls and parties, he spruces up wonderfully and begins to view the world with new eyes. Sylvia becomes necessary to him; the thought of her ever leaving his side is unwelcome. He forbids his brother *Gerald's* attentions to her, and by him is brought to the knowledge that he himself loves her and that his years stand as a barrier to his affections. But these forty-five years of *David's* are, in Sylvia's eyes, a source of love and reverence. Unaware of this, he is arrested in his unselfish efforts in her behalf by the knowledge that he need look no further for a suitor, as he is the man Sylvia must have. Beyond the play's captivating story, the picturesque atmosphere of the bachelor's sanctum introduces various character studies—the aged but ambitious confidential clerk and the out-at-elbows book-borrower. Douglas A. Paterson, who is directing the play, has been fortunate in obtaining a most capable cast. Mr. Robert Stuart Pigott is giving able assistance in an exacting part. The music for the occasion will be given by the Toronto Orchestral Club. Seats are now on sale at the theater.

Fiction and Fabrics.

N the columns of an English magazine there has recently appeared a paragraph entitled "A Hat in its Dotage," which brings sadness to the heart of the conservative reader. The article which is described as having reached the Osler stage (if there be a decline and fall of head-gear) is the top-hat, dear to the illustrators of the Early Victorian era. Can we think of an old-fashioned *David Copperfield* or *Fanny Hill* without quaint cuts of the tall hat? Can we picture "the fine old English gentleman" unadorned by the towering splendor of the top-hat, which is, however, called, on this side of the Atlantic, the silk hat? However, we refuse to believe that the top-hat is doomed. Whatever be its fate, so far as the week day is concerned, that respectable covering will make its appearance on Sunday, for we could not recognize the deacon, the elder, or the vestryman should he descend to the secular vulgarity of the "bowler."

But when we consider the part that the top-hat has played in the fiction of the last century we are led to remark further on the use that novelists have made of dress as an ornament

to their loose or periodic sentences. In modern days the writer of an up-to-date romance is severely circumscribed, especially if he selects an athletic heroine whose golf equipment or tailor-made suit gives scant opportunity for picturesque description. But the novelist of the male sex is unavoidably awkward when he comes to the details of the heroine's attire and usually takes refuge in such unsatisfying generalities as "flowing draperies" or "the severe lines of her gown." The riding-habit was an old favorite and the reader was invariably assured that *Lady Hermione* or the lovely *Arabella* looked her best in the seductive plainness of her dark-green habit. Miss Corelli, in the latest effort of her inspired pen, revives the charms of this costume and sends forth her heroine for a ride in a costume of violet velvet embroidered with gold and adorned with gold tassels. One might know that things would happen to a heroine in such array, and, sure enough, the Arab steed objects to the gold trimmings and there is flight, flurry and almost sudden death.

Gone, too, are the days when the novelist could become eloquent over my lady's slipper. The common-sense shoe has changed all that and it is the advertisement of the "Samantha Sodd" or the "Princess Patricia" footwear that approaches the poetry of boots and shoes. It is only when the writer turns in hope to the past and with the aid of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, a map and an old history, constructs an historical novel crammed with anachronisms that we have picturesque slippers of black velvet and cream brocade again appearing on the old polished floors. But the pretty slippers belong properly to the poets, and right musically has Sir Edwin Arnold sung the beauty of the Egyptian slippers found in the mummy-chest near the Nile:

"Tiny slippers of green and gold,
Tied with a mouldering golden cord,
What dainty feet they must have been
When Caesar Augustus was Egypt's lord!"

It has been said by certain critics that the sex of the novelist is invariably betrayed by the manner in which woman's dress is described. Assuredly no woman would have given us Kipling's wholesale summing-up of Mrs. Cusack-Brennill's gown in *Three and an Extra*—"it was one of those gowns that hit you straight between the eyes and make you gasp." We are not surprised that the erring husband is won back to his allegiance and forsakes Mrs. *Haekabee* for his wife in the wonderful gown. It is Kipling, also, who sends *Charlie Hawley's* pretty sweetheart to a ball in a dress of "steel-grey illusion." No woman writer would have been guilty of the horrible blunder of sending a girl to a dance in such sad-colored raiment, but then no woman writer could have told the story of *Charlie's* overhearing the voices of the flowers and the trees and "the little blind Devil of Chance." So we forgive Kipling for the steel-grey gown.

The unfailing refuge of the man who wishes to have a heroine of the good old-fashioned sort is the white muslin gown. It flows and ripples and falls in filmy draperies until the room is filled with the fragrance of sweet lavender. The novelist provides an old homestead in Maryland or a piazza in St. Louis "befo' de wah" and *Dorothy Manners* or *Virginia Carvel* straightway floats about in white muslin. No practical considerations regarding the extreme susceptibility of such a fabric to common dust, no thoughts of the exorbitant laundry disturb the flowing of the novelist's fountain pen. If he can call the fair creature of his fancy with blue ribbons he is all the happier and thinks that he has gone far in the simple life, while every woman reader knows that he is basely deceived by those gowns of seeming innocence. *Amelia Sedley* appeared in them, as a matter of course, and so did *Miss Rebecca Sharp*, although wicked little *Becky* should have worn gowns of gleaming scarlet or blazing yellow.

But we have to go back to romantic old Sir Walter to

catch the real stateliness of the gowns of long ago. Elizabeth at Kenilworth was a gorgeous sight in her brocade and jewels, but infinitely fairer was poor beautiful *Amy* when she waited in her robes of brown and amber for the handsome earl whose ambition was her tragedy. How the Scotch "teller of tales" revels in their ruffles, whether it be the treacherous Varney or Raleigh whose velvet cloak makes a soft path to the royal favor. What can the modern novelist do with an everyday hero whose business suit of grey tweed and water-like evening attire defy the picturesque? He turns, perforce, to the football field or the wild West, and we have *Strongheart* on the stage and that prince of cowboys, the *Virginian*, in a costume which sets ugly convention at defiance.

But sometimes the old and worn suddenly assumes a value which nothing but romance could bestow. Not the richest robe of Arthur's court is remembered as the "gown of faded silk" which comes down to us from the old chronicles and in which *Enid* first won the love of *Geraint*. Sometimes it is only a phrase or a chance reference which fixes a memory in the world's capricious fancy. *My Lady Greenleeves* has lived through four long centuries. We may forget that *Esmond's* *Beatrice* was selfish and heartless, but we remember that she was a "brown beauty" and that her shoes were small and red with wicked rosettes. Beauty and bravery may go unadorned, but they are all the better for rich garments, and so we have the gowns that are "confections" and the scarlet coat of the hero. We are becoming dreadfully practical and discuss the utility of everything that blows and grows, but, even yet, it is not safe for the writer of fiction to become supremely indifferent to wherewithal his characters shall be clothed.

CANADIENNE.

A Japanese Circular

FOLLOWING is an exact copy of a trade circular sent out by a Japanese importing house of Yokohama. It was sent to a Torontonian by a Canadian friend at present in Japan. Though the "English" may appear extremely funny, it is, doubtless, considerably better than the "Japanese" of a Canadian would be:

Acknowledgement of Our Newly Imported Goods.

Feeling much grateful to learn your prosperity and health and thanking many for your kind favours bestowed upon us ever since, I now have the honour to notice you strongly that the most fashionable articles of the seasonable requirements, which had been ordered for Europe and America, where we have many closely related manufacturers and companies, have just come to our hands at recently, and we have already prepared to receive your valued orders of our goods, of which we can tell none competed low prices and matchless profit, as we are using our utmost power and energy toward on that side, whilst our country is in the critical time, period and capital now in the view of realizing this announcement we would like to present you our painted patterns and types of each article and we trust that they will surely meet with your approvals.

GUIDES OF THE BUSINESS.

Particular character of our firm.

For desire of fulfilling this announcement and of keeping long run patronages forever, we are carefully attending for the season's and shall never be fall behind of one another of importing the same, as we are most advantageously related with many highly respectable firms of the world, and at present though general market prices of our selling goods maintains high rate, and specially of blankets and underwears for winter time considerably increased for the cause of reserved importation in this year and above this occasioned by great demands of army and navy, but we can happily say that we can have pretty enough of quantity, to fill your orders for we had already engaged to deal with many shippers in abroad since this spring time, and so it will be fairly said our goods are cheaper than any other firms.

Only one price.

Our prices are fixed, and you can buy at ease per messenger or entrust us any orders from local distance, but we never ask two prices whether you or another come.

Ticket for goods.

For convenience of our customers, we will issue handsome tickets of goods which are most conveniently used as presentations.

Delivery of goods.

Any goods which you bought will be delivered according your commands, to any places if in city.

For local Customers.

For local customers, we will take the most convenient way, though money not remitted in advance, we will not fail to execute order on receipt, and carefully packing, mail per parcel post with payment against acceptance.

Order of the goods.

Whether your residence or hotel of city, you will kindly telephone or write what you wanted and then the goods will be soon arranged before you.

Desires of our firm.

It is our intention to treat every body equally whether one bought a piece of handkerchief and another a great deal of goods, but we know they are equally our customers, but there were any of disposition displayed on, you will please tell the subject without any hesitation and we would not reserve to correct it justly.

Pointed Paragraphs.

It's useless to waste sympathy on a man who has the toothache.
A man isn't a man until he has passed the swearing-off stage.

Many a man has made a fortune by gratifying other men's curiosity.
He who rides a hobby thinks he is entitled to the middle of the road.

When a man is down in the world he gets many more kicks than boosts.
It's impossible for any woman to look as young as she thinks she looks.

About two-thirds of a man's time is spent in catching cold and trying to cure it.
A woman isn't necessarily up to date just because her husband is the latest thing out.

It is difficult for a young man to understand what attraction his sister has for other young men.
Some people consider a spinster foolish because she wasn't foolish enough to make a fool of herself by marrying.



AT REST.

After a long and tedious voyage, the Russian fleet has reached its destination.

Curious Misinformation.

II.—ON THE SHAPE OF THE WORLD.

"THERE are some people," asserts Lactantius, in his *Divine Institution*, "so extravagant as to persuade themselves that there are men who have their heads downwards and their feet upwards; that the trees and herbs grow downwards, and that the snow and hail fall upwards. . . . Those people who maintain such opinions do so for no other purpose than to amuse themselves by disputation, and to show their spirit; otherwise it would be easy to prove by invincible argument that it is impossible for the heavens to be underneath the earth."

Such a tolerant and scornful position toward the new astronomy was not taken by the Christian Church in the middle ages. If the earth were not the principal body in the universe, so reasoned the theologians, it might not be entitled to the sole attention of the Creator. Thus the Biblical flat earth cosmogony was taught and forced upon the people by faggot and steel.

Galileo, who taught that the earth was a sphere after Copernicus, was forced to recant; was thrown into prison by the Inquisition for ten years, and at his death, which ended his imprisonment, was denied burial in consecrated ground. An Italian named Giordano Bruno, born seven years after the death of Copernicus, was arrested by the Inquisition for insisting that the Scriptures were not a scientific manual, but a moral code, and that they could not be seriously received as an authority on astronomical and physical subjects. Especially he rejected the idea that the earth was a flat body set immovably in the center of the universe. After seven years' imprisonment he was brought before his judges, tortured, and delivered over to the secular authorities, to be punished "as mercifully as possible, and without the shedding of his blood." February 16, A.D. 1600, he was burnt at Rome.

The orthodox systems of geography and astronomy were so monstrous, from our point of view, that it is astonishing that after the truth was pointed out the Church still persisted in maintaining these false doctrines. One of their most unanswerable arguments, which is also typical of the class of objections that were urged against the spherical shape of the earth, was this, that "in the day of judgment, men on the other side of the globe could not see the Lord descending through the air." (St. Augustine.)

In the work entitled *Christian Topography*, by Cosmas Indicopleustes, the true shape and size of the earth are given with a precision the more astonishing since we know that the facts were entirely drawn from the author's imagination.

"He affirms that, according to the true orthodox system of geography, the earth is a quadrangular plane, extending four hundred days' journey east and west, and exactly half as much north and south; that it is enclosed by mountains, on which the sky rests; that one on the north side, huger than the others, by intercepting the rays of the sun, produces night; and that the plane of the earth is not set exactly horizontally, but with a little inclination from the north: hence the Euphrates, Tigris and other rivers, running southward, are rapid; but the Nile, having to run up-hill, has necessarily a very slow current." (*Religion and Science*, Draper.)

The early Christian fathers received their ideas concerning the shape of the earth from very ancient sources. To man, naturally, the world seems to be the center of the universe, with the human race as the reason for its existence. Thus the world was given stability in space, and the heavens, which, as anyone can see, are not fixed, were made to revolve with unmeasurable rapidity once in every twenty-four hours.

The upholders of the flat-central-unmovable earth were always having to answer the question, What supports the earth? As those to whom this question was addressed had no reliable data to go upon, we find fairly large demands made upon the credulity of the seeker after information.

The Vedic priests gave an answer calculated to satisfy the inquirer and aid the priesthood. The flat earth, said they, is supported upon twelve huge pillars. In proof of this assertion, do not the sun and moon and stars pass on the underside of the world? And the pillars? They are supported by the virtue of the sacrifices and offerings made to the gods. Should these cease, down crumbles the earth.

The original Greek idea of the shape of the earth, as we find it in the Homeric poems, was that it was a circular plane, surrounded and bounded by the heavens, which was a solid vault or hemisphere, with the concave side turned downwards. The ocean encircled the earth, and the sun and stars rise from and set in its waves. Hence the belief that the Iberians heard each night the hissing noise made by the burning sun as he dipped at evening into the waters of the ocean; that the Ethiopians, who lived in the far east and west, were scorched black by his proximity; and that each night the sun sailed back to the east in a vessel manufactured for him by Vulcan.

The foundation that must support the earth also proved a rich field for the fertile ingenuity of the Greek philosophers.

Thales and Seneca made the disk of the earth float upon the ocean or upon some liquid similar to water. Another Greek taught that the earth was in the shape of a cylinder, one-third as high as its diameter, only the circular upper face inhabited. This cylinder floats freely in the center of the celestial hemisphere, unmovable, because there is no reason why it should move. Still another expresses as his opinion that the earth, whatever its shape, is upheld by compressed air. Plato believed the earth to be in the shape of a cube, this form appearing to him as the most perfect for solids.

The question as to what was at the end of the end has been answered by Hesiod. After quoting this final, although somewhat obscure, saying, it appears unseemly for us to delve further into this deep and unending mystery.

Said Hesiod: "The abyss is surrounded by a brazen barrier; above it rest the roots of the earth."

DOUGLAS HALLAM.

Sherlock Holmes at Close Range.

WHILE walking down Yonge street about eight o'clock yesterday morning, I touched a tall, pale man on the shoulder and said, "Sherlock Holmes, I believe?"

"The same," he answered. "How did you recognize me?"

"Intuition," I said in my most nonchalant tones.

"You are clever," he replied.

I bowed in acknowledgment and he continued, "Yes, it is I. Seeing that I am appearing in so many magazines and newspapers, I was afraid of discovery, but Toronto is the only place where Moriarity and Dr. Watson dare not follow me. And besides, I like Toronto. It has no proper place for holding inquests, but its Union Station is unrivalled as a scene for criminal security when anyone except Sherlock Holmes is on the trail. I am going down there now to keep in practice at discovering and trapping crooks. Is that a hairpin we just now passed?"

"It is," I answered, as I picked the article up and handed it to Holmes. "What an eye you have!"

"Dropped from the hair of a determined girl who usually trusts nothing to chance, but was in a hurry to-day," said the great detective without noticing my observation.

"How can you tell?" I asked.

"Her general character is indicated by the extreme length of the pin," he answered. "And unless in a hurry this morning she would have fixed it more securely."

"What can you tell from this one?" I asked, handing him a pin which I had picked up a moment before.

The sleuth described the likes and dislikes of a young lady, and when I asked how he could tell that from the pin he answered, "You will notice it is twisted out of the regular shape. That shows the young lady's bent."

I resented the use of the pun and walked on without speaking. Not so Holmes!

"This hairpin," he said, holding up one of ordinary appearance, "is from the head of a pretty girl with dark hair. She wore—I feel certain—a blue skirt and grey jacket. Her hat was large and must have been troublesome when the wind was strong. She wore rubbers, black wool gloves and a black bow in her hair. She is—I would say—of medium height and inclined to—"

"Stop, stop!" I cried, "you are trying to make sport of me. I am not as easily fooled as you seem to think."



"Will you tell my past for two dollars?"

"No, madam, not your past. You will have to hire me by the day." *Life.*

"My dear sir," he replied, "I had no intention of hurting your feelings."

"But you cannot tell all that from a miserable little hairpin," I said with some heat.

"Certainly not!" answered Holmes. "If it were possible for me to do that I would not have waited to be discovered by Conan Doyle."

"Then you were attempting to joke with me again?" I asked.

"Far from it," he answered.

"But you claimed to know that this particular pin fell from the hair of the young lady you have described."

"Quite true."

"How, then, did you know?"

"It's very simple, my friend," he answered. "I saw it drop. There is the young lady just ahead of us. See, she has also a red tie and wears glasses. I couldn't see her face before."

That was the last straw. I suddenly recollected that I had to turn westward at the next corner. When a few steps away from Holmes I glanced back. The alleged great detective was intently regarding another hairpin, and, though his face betrayed it not, I knew that he was chuckling at my ill-concealed discomfiture.

W. A. C.

Random Shots.

JUSTICE—AS IT IS IN TORONTO.

(A parallel, drawn from the events of the past week, when Quong Hom and Lem Sing of 101 Queen street west were sent to jail for three months and fined \$50 and costs, or in default of the fine to six months in the Central.)

Two meek and lowly Chinamen sailed far across the sea, And came to this Queen City of the land of liberty; They started up a laundry shop quite near the City Hall, And everything was lovely till—the coppers made a call. Sad was the sight spread out before the eyes of eager law— The wicked, wicked Chinamen were just about to draw. They gambled on the quiet in the game we call fan-tan— They hadn't any license and—the coppers called the van.

Some thousands of the swellest that Society could show, With new spring hats and dainty gowns and wads and wads of dough;

With eager eyes, fast-beating hearts, they hastened to the track, They made their bets, they won and lost, and sadly some came back.

No hand was raised to intervene, the bookies paid the price And bought the privilege to lead the lambs to sacrifice. A laundry and a fan-tan game—a crowded betting-ring, Where wealth and beauty gather—well, it's quite a different thing.

Moral.

(What happened to them.)

The Chinamen—a fifty fine—and then three months in jail. And three months more in case that they to pay the fifty fail. Society—a jolly time—guests, the viceregal pair; On *Die* and *At the Races* will tell you who were there. And this is British justice! Can you wonder if the Chink, As he sits in jail down yonder, has to scratch his head and think?

AS A MISSIONARY.

If the Winnipeg women are wicked,
And wilfully so will remain,
There's but one way to save the poor city—
Let us send them our William Maclean.

THE CROP THAT NEVER FAILS.

The fruits may fail, stock prices drop,
And farms meet cruel fates,
But there's the usual goodly crop
Of sweet girl graduates.

AS WE HAVE IT AT HOME.

(In the Chippewa-St. Kitts lacrosse game at the Island last Saturday there was considerable bloodshed and sixteen men were sent to the fence.)

We may not see old Togo smash the Russian fleet to bits,
We may not see the armies hand to hand—
But on the Island oval we can go and watch St. Kitts
And the Chippewas do battle on the land.

THE SLOGAN OF THE SUFFRAGISTS.

(Dr. Anna L. Shaw, a Western agitator for woman suffrage, has proclaimed her new slogan to be "No ballots, no babies!")

No ballots, no babies—

Their battle-cry now;

Just pick out the women

Who make all the row,

And perhaps you will find

That they're all maiden aunts,

Who at ballots and babies

Have ne'er had a chance.

No ballots, no babies;

Means race suicide;

A suggestion we make—

Ladies, let it be tried.

Race suicide then

Might be very remote,

If we just changed the rule to

"One baby, one vote!"

W. F. W.

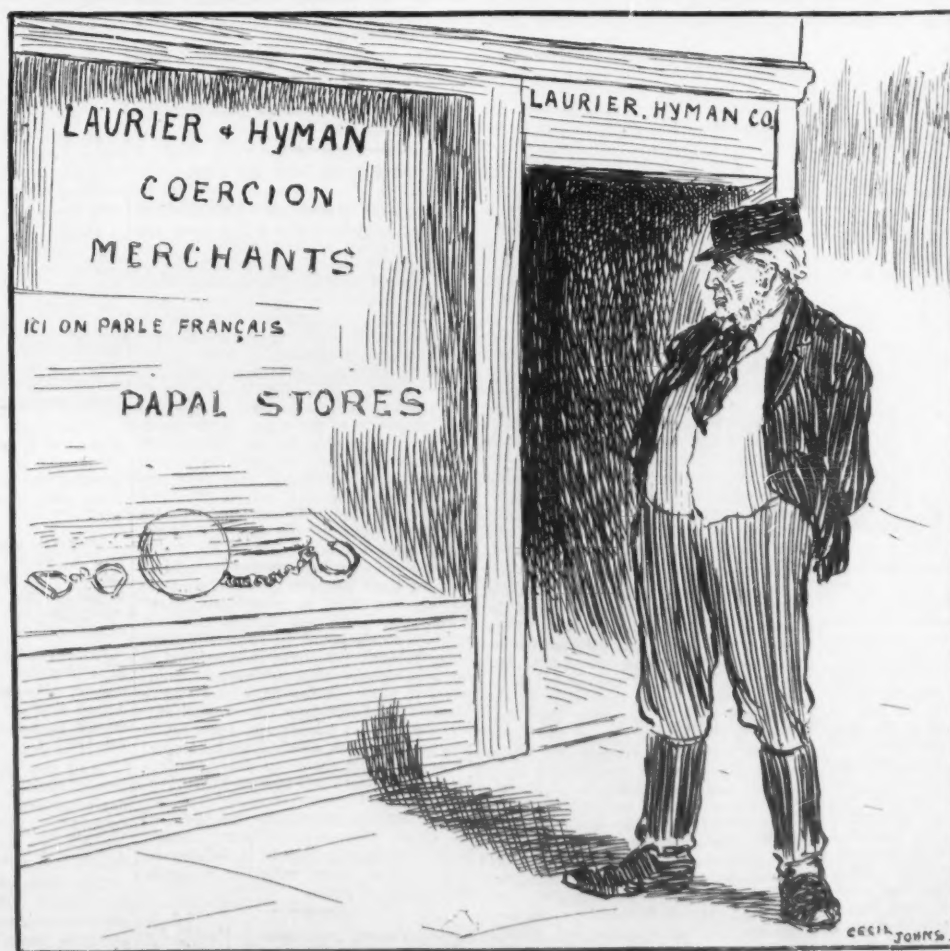
Aftermath.

Mr. Happicman (with a brave attempt at pleasantry)—
Why so pensive? Is the honeymoon beginning to pall on my little bride? Mrs. Happicman (throwing off her air of pre-occupation)—Not at all, dear! I was merely engaged in trying to solve the problem: How long will it take us to save a sum sufficient to enable us to live in a style in keeping with our presents?

He who flirts and runs away

May live to flirt another day.

Cupid went to a fashionable wedding. "You are not a friend of the family," said the usher; "what are you doing here?" "I came," said Cupid, "to see how the other half lives."



A BADLY DRESSED WINDOW.

Old Man Ontario—Um! I don't much fancy the look of that store.



Adder's Tongue
Dog's-tooth Violet
Erythronium Americanum

EARLY LILIES

A NOTE by Professor Atkinson of Cornell throws an interesting light on the Trillium and the Adder's Tongue and the work being presented below the surface and with an eye to the future by these earliest of our lilies. The strenuous activity of the hidden life would certainly never be guessed from the placid self-possession of the exterior that seems to suggest no other aim in life than to rival Solomon in the matter of apparel. He says: "As this white flower—the Trillium—with its setting of green sepals is glinting to us out of copses and woodland like so many new fairies, few of us realize the long task which it has already begun in the silent depths of the soil in order that it may suddenly blossom again in season, when spring-time returns. If we remove the old scales where the flowering stem joins the root-stock, we shall see a pointed, conical, white bud, which is to develop into the next season's leafy plant and blossom. From June to August the new leaves and flower are slowly forming, protected by several overlapping, thick, whitish, soft scales, which form a conical roof to keep out water, and to protect against too sudden changes in cold during the autumn and winter season. In September we find that leaves and sepals are well formed and green, the petals are already white, and within are the six stamens and the angular pistil, all well formed. Where the sun reaches these copses and warms the soil well in autumn, sometimes the stamens are yellowish as early as September or October from the already formed pollen. In the cooler shades the pollen is not yet formed, and the stamens remain whitish in color. But with the first onset of warm weather in the spring, or on warm days in the winter, before the flower buds lifts its head from its long winter sleep, snugly ensconced among the fallen leaves or spongy humus, the pollen quickly forms. Now all the plant has to do is to erect its standard, bearing aloft the opening blossom. The ovules, begun in the autumn, are now being completed, pollination takes place, and later fertilization, and the embryo begins to form in June. The pure white flowers soon change to pinkish, the first evidence of decline. Finally they wither, and during the summer the fruit and seed are formed on the old flower stem, while the secret formative processes of the new blossoms are going on anew.

"The Adder's Tongue comes out early to catch the sunlight gleaming through rifts in the woodland. We are apt to associate the formation of the flower with the early springtime. But after the flower perishes, the bulb, deep in the soil, slowly builds the next season's flower, which is kept through the autumn and winter, much of the time encased in ice, waiting for springtime, that it may rise and unfold."

An occasional subject of comment in connection with Adder's Tongue is that though one may often find it in patches of considerable extent with plants massed together so thickly as to completely hide the ground beneath, one may still, perhaps, among so many plants be quite unable to find a single flower. Another matter of surprise to those who look beneath the surface is the great depth to which the bulb of the flowering plant attains. In connection with these matters, it is interesting to note that each of these younger and slightly smaller plants not only has no flower, but has only one leaf and its bulb is comparatively near the surface. But every year runners are sent out from the parent bulb and at the end of these runners new bulbs are formed. These runners, year after year, penetrate deeper and deeper into the soil and the flowers are produced only by the deeper bulbs, which, of course, are also those with the greater store of vital force developed through the accumulations of a longer line of ancestors.

The Trilliums are woodland plants represented by one or more species in almost all parts of the Dominion except the very far north. *Trillium grandiflorum*, the largest and most strikingly beautiful of them all, is quite common in the neighborhood of Toronto, is found throughout Ontario and in parts of Quebec, but, if occurring at all, is apparently a rarity elsewhere in Canada. The dark brown-crimson or maroon variety of *Trillium erectum*, common about Toronto, is noticeable, in addition to its color, for the unpleasant odor by which it attracts the carrion-loving flies that assist in its pollination. Though occasionally found here, the Nodding Trillium, with pedicel strongly recurved so that the white flower is almost hidden under the leaves, and the Painted Trillium, with a crimson V painted on the inner part of the white petals, seem to be much more common in the provinces to the eastward.

For the Erythronium "Adder's Tongue" seems preferable to "Dog's-tooth Violet," for of course it is not at all a violet and has little in it to justify "Dog's-tooth," whereas the ovary with the protruding style does seem rather suggestive of something snaky, the form of the leaf is like a tongue of some kind, and the mottling and color seem to very readily warrant an association with the adder. Our species is quite abundant throughout Ontario and Quebec, and there is a white species reported by Macoun from near Belleville and at "The Cove," near London, and a remarkably fine large species, said to be well worthy of cultivation on Vancouver Island. In parts of British Columbia is found a variety with three or four large bright yellow flowers on a stem, and also a mountain variety growing sometimes at 5,500 feet above the sea level.

SAMARA.

"Yes, old man, we're fixing to go to housekeeping; what has been your experience with servant girls?" "Hush! Come over here where my wife can't hear."

The Heiress—What is your idea of a man of honor? The Count (throwing out his chest)—Eet is von who will pay hees vine beel and card debts even eef he 'as to marry in order to get zee money.

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DOCTOR'S BABY.—I agree with you that the life of the ordinary girl is seldom useful. You see, girls are new to things, which makes for self-consciousness and often selfishness. When they discover the hollowness of many things they fortunately sometimes think of others and throw their energies into whole-some and useful work. That's why we have the rush to study nursing by so many girls who seem most unlikely to choose such a profession. I believe this answers your questions. Your writing is sensible, powerful and at the same time unceremonious. The dominant touch and the optimistic turn are shown, with a good self value and excellent discretion. There is thought, deduction and aptitude in your lines. I think experience will be needed to settle you firmly. You are careful and conscientious and do good work.

P.S.—You are very refined, particular and conventional, with the mature and concentered character which should go with the age to which you refer. It is not necessary to give the year, only the day of the month and month in which you began this experience. January 22 brings you just between Capricorn and Aquarius, but you are such a fine specimen of the former that the touch of inspiration you get from the latter makes you a notably well-finished character. You have sentiment and femininity, clear and consecutive thought, rather keen judgment and criticism. If you sometimes go ahead and miss small details it is your second influence ameliorating the too laboriously conventional and precise ruling of the matter-of-fact Capricorn. I should not expect to get off without rebuke if you were my judge and jury. You have capital self-respect and know how to ensure the consideration of others. Sorry you've had to wait so long.

JOCKEY.—Go along with you; asking for mercy and calling yourself an unfortunate mortal. Your "fist," as you call it, carries power and will and success and the knowledge of how to use all, in every line. One seldom sees so dominant a spirit with so taking a way. You are conservative in tone and very original and enterprising in thought, a law unto yourself in mental matters and original in most things. October 5 brings you under Libra, and you have the mercurial temperament of the Libra folk. Great possibilities of cloud and sunshine are yours, but behind all is a certain vibrant power and an indomitable purpose that should compel all lesser things. You are sometimes quick and impulsive in speech, with a habit of caution and discretion which may have been exacted by circumstances. It does not seem quite natural. When you undertake anything you do it very thoroughly, but you don't appear to desire notoriety or acclaim. There is a quality of personal

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TERRANCE.—Oh, I dare say you'll pull through, if the offer is something only demanding application and care. You are a Capricorn and such folk have great patience and perseverance in getting on, if the reward be sufficient to arouse their ambition. This is what is said of them. "They are adapted to the carrying out of large projects, and have wonderful continuity in attending to any enterprise which promises handsome material benefits." As you only tell me you have a chance of advancement without the least hint as to the nature of your work-to-be, you mustn't expect more than a vague answer. Your writing does not hint at the great selfishness to which you confess. It shows rather a mistrust of others and at the same time susceptibility to some sort of influence. You have still plenty of desire to be a shining light. Your whole study has the uplifting tendency. If mistrust of your powers takes the heart out of you, that is a Capricorn catastrophe, but you may avert it by knowing of its probability. Capricorn people are practical, kind and often eccentric in their generosity. They love just commendation, but are not often as demonstrative as they feel. The Capricorn natures are apt to attach great importance to externals and material things; when they attain to a height of spiritual insight and value externals justly they are some of the grandest people in the world. Their spiritual nature is hard to reach, however.

OPTIMIST.—As you say, a sense of humor often saves the situation, and many absurd questions come in here. Therefore did I smile at your letter, asking what paper or magazine in Canada would pay you for stories and sketches, and would I answer you in two weeks? Seriously, my hopeful one, I haven't the least idea what magazine or paper would purchase your work. If it is very good, none of them will pay you its value, so you will do better to continue to send it to the States. There you will get money and appreciation. That's been my experience in the days when I was a "free lance." Five dollars in Canada is twenty elsewhere. You might try the *Canadian Magazine* or *Canada First*. They print things of the sort you mention. Both will be reached by the address "Toronto," I fancy.

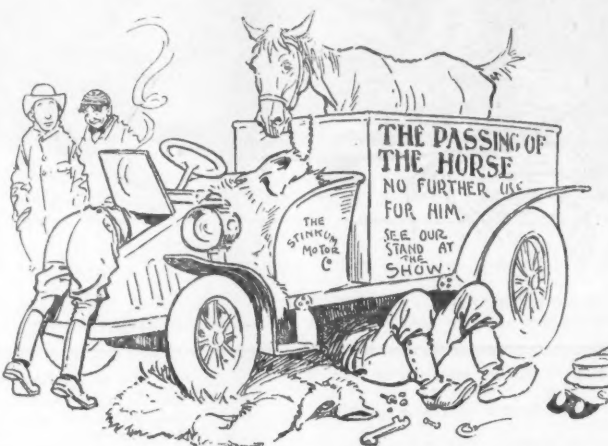
P.D.B.—Your second letter just opened. It is impossible for me to remember whether your first was answered or not. Let me know, and if not I will give you a reading at once.

TONY.—Your birthday brings you under Pisces, the fishes, a water sign, and as elusive and inconsequent at times as your writing suggests you to be. I should think you'd make an erratic and sketchy sort of pedagogue, but don't mind me! It is without doubt a clever hand, full of impulse and tenacious with another. It would be little use trying to advise you to keep in the road, when you insist upon climbing fences, wading in ditches and perching in treecrooks just as the fancy strikes you. What you need just now isn't advice, but a neck-yoke. Your writing is so daring, risky and generally magnificent that it makes one laugh and shake the head at the same time. *Quel enfant terrible!*

LENORITA.—On the road to night school, dear poetess, is where you ought to go. Your writing shows good force, rather fine discretion, firm purpose but erratic method, carelessness and hasty thought, some ambition, and a great deal of waste of strength. The evidences of youth are palpable. You should be able to develop a fine character from the gifts the gods have accorded you.

SOLITAIRE.—January 26 brings you under Aquarius, the water carrier, an air sign, and its children are said to be the strongest and the weakest in the world. The latter are creatures of impulse, positively without equilibrium, and blown about by every wind of doctrine, constantly seeking advice and never taking it, asking questions with great humility and forgetting the answers; lazy and deficient in ability to concentrate; noble, honest, kind-hearted, discerning and quick-witted. They represent the nerves and emotions of the Grand Man and are hence unusually sensitive. Vacillation and caprice are faults, and a habit of procrastination. Do any of these seem to fit you?

DOUBTING THOMAS.—Your lady friends should have edited your study. Then perhaps it would have been a little more mannerly. However, there's an old Irish proverb which makes one philosophical under a letter written in doubtful taste. Do you know it? It comes from the "gentleman who pays the rent." October 9 brings you under the full influence of Libra. It is said of the men of this sign that they are the "plungers" of life, as reckless in carrying out designs as they are in gratifying any impulse, with a sensuous eagerness for new objects of attraction, and if worsted a quick recovery from defeat and discomfiture full of hope and enthusiasm, great intuition and variable spirits. They are sensitive to the opinions and criticism of others and suffer from inharmonious conditions. They are often a prey to anxieties they cannot describe and made restless by impatience; while



—Punch.

they are apt to lightly assume the control of others they learn last of all to govern themselves. As Libra people are often foolishly sensitive to praise and resentful of criticism, it is breath wasted to tell them of their shortcomings. They are, indeed, most apt to follow your announced procedure, and "believe" the good and close my eyes to the rest."

BUNYAN.—Your study shows care, neatness, business ability, and some taste, tact and sympathy. The love of approbation is seen, also some sentiment and feeling. Writer has ambitions along conventional lines and is of an even and optimistic temperament. December 4 brings you under Sagittarius, a fire sign, and you have much of the simple directness of the great archer. With an amenable nature you combine great tenacity.

STELLA MOORE.—English and French graphologists take quite different standpoints. The French deal with emotions, tendencies, and all the lighter and more imaginative qualities of writing and character. The English method is largely practical and deals with work, disposition and attitude to others. You need both to get the real breadth of character study. *Indiscretions of Handwriting* and *Crespieux-Gamlin's Study of Handwriting* are two French books one can recommend. Rosa Baughan's book on graphology is the best recommended from England. It is rather commonplace, but backs up the French books well. Nelson Thorpe has a book on the same subject published in New York. It takes much time and many studies to evolve an expert. The more intuition and observation and memory one can command, the more interesting and complete the analysis will be. *Indiscretions of Handwriting* is in French, and most fascinating.

TOMMY W.—Please study answer to "Stella Moore." The change in one's writing, according to the mood one is in, suggests mainly lack of control and discipline. Sometimes it is a strongly imitative streak, sometimes mere facility, which tells of a readiness to turn one's skillful hand to many callings. Sometimes it is a deeply insincere nature, chameleon-like and deceptive. One has to consider so many other traits to decide. March 15 brings you well under the influence of Pisces, the fishes, of which you are a fair specimen, not markedly strong, careful and amenable and apt to respond to influence. You are fairly ambitious and of even and somewhat cheerful temperament. Thought and consideration for others, refinement and some taste, but not much tact, are noticeable.

L'ESPOIR.—Roughly speaking, I should not fancy you were born to make the happiness of any good man. Your birthday, August 23, brings you just on the cusp between Leo, the heart, and Virgo, the bowels, of the Grand Man. This one sign is the only sign in the zodiac governed by the sun; the other represents the hidden fire of the earth. The poor man who loves you, but whom you do not love (or considering your qualities, you would not be deliberating if you would marry him), had better get out of the firing line. You say quite truly that life can only be lived once. The rest of your remark sounds insincere to me. Your questions are utterly banal. Shall you have the heart to say no? If you follow the usual Leo procedure you will say yes, and he will often wish you'd said no. Could you be always brave? Oh, la, la! I really

cannot discuss the future with a woman who propounds these conundrums. Your writing is profoundly sensuous and material and full of suggestions of the undeveloped Leo-Virgo combination. It has many masculine traits, and while undeniably clever and dominant and deeply passionate it doesn't give one much hope for the serenity of the good man. I must tell you what I see, not what is pretty and pleasant.

MUIRELL.—Well, I should think so. My laddie has just sent me a message from that same brother to say I owe him a letter. That's the report from everyone's brothers and sisters and cousins and aunts these days, my dear. And how is the old home? Are the apple trees in bloom, especially the yellow apple tree? One is wild to be away from the asphalt these May days. May 29 brings you well under the June sign, Gemini, the twins. As this is a double sign, many of its children seem to have a double self—one seems to contradict the other. Two impulses for opposite things often war in their minds, Castor and Pollux each wanting a different thing or state at the same time. This results in nervous unrest and is the bane of life to Gemini people. Your writing is still forming, but has developed traits of caution and discretion, hope and good temper; the unduly large lower loops of your "y's" and "g's" should be modified to balance your character well. They give it a rather self-important turn.

KU KLUX.—Impossible, my good friend. If you knew the circumstances you would not ask it. I am perfectly content with the matter you mention. Let sleeping dogs lie.

An Episode With the Czar.

Here is an account of a little incident that occurred in Russia a few years ago in the course of a struggle between Witte and Plehve for supremacy:

A United States traction owner, visiting St. Petersburg, was impressed with the inadequacy of the horse-car service and employed engineers to work out a modern system. Failing to make an impression on the local officials he had abandoned the plan when he fell in with a clever Russian, who assured him that his ignorance of the ways of the country was responsible for the failure, and offered to engineer the deal for a part interest in the company. The first step was to purchase, for several thousand roubles, the sympathy and support of a certain *dansche* of the capital. Everything went smoothly and Witte finally wrote a report recommending the scheme and the Czar indorsed on the document: "I approve this in every particular." Thereupon a United States rival attempted to blackmail the successful franchise holder. When the man refused to be held up the rival set various influences at work. A few days later Plehve handed the Emperor a report condemning the traction scheme and favoring its annulment, across which Nicholas wrote: "I approve this report in every particular." Horse-cars still operate in St. Petersburg.

This episode illuminates one phase of the Czar's character. It also, perhaps, helps explain why Russia is fighting on such unequal terms with the business-like armies of Japan.

She.—You say your name is Paul? **He.**—Yes. **She.**—How lovely! Mine is Virginia.

Bringing Her Around.

HAVING received her modern education, Gertrude was let loose upon an unsuspecting world.

She permitted herself to take a walk in the woods. "Nature," said Gertrude, somewhat deprecatingly, "has been brought up on wholly unconventional lines. She has, alas! no system. These tree trunks are allowed to fall indiscriminately. Such waste! And as for conservation of energy, where is it? Everywhere I see about me pathetic evidences of gross carelessness, not to mention wholly bad artistic effects."

Returning to her parents, she viewed them also with a certain savor of discriminative criticism.

"You appear," she said, "to be baffled by your surroundings. There is an intelligent calmness that comes from philosophic resignation, to which you are wholly alien. Your servants—when you have them—oppress you. Your friendships, made wholly without regard to utilitarianism, are too often unproductive of anything but vain pleasure, thus weakening your moral fibre. A more intelligent use of the principles of Sociology would produce in you a greater symmetry. You worry, without knowing that worry is merely molecular, or perceiving for a moment that there is a psychology of the hearthstone which, if judiciously applied, would lift you above vulgar routine."

Forced by circumstances beyond her immediate control, she was obliged to pass a few weeks at a summer resort.

"Gregariousness," said Gertrude, "is oftentimes amusing in its ulterior aspects. These poor fools, lulled by certain paralogisms of the mind, imagine they are having a good time. And yet how absurd their pose. Did they but know that things are not what they seem—that the sea is merely a sensation, and fleeting styles in bathing garments only an appeal to the excitation of the ganglionic centers, they would seek in simple contemplation what pleasure there is in subjectivity, and shake off the shackles of mere materialism."

While recording these phenomena, and being for a moment quite alone on the beach, with the light of the moon overhead, she was approached by a young man, who upon several previous occasions had intruded himself upon her consciousness.

"I love you," said the young man. "Love," replied Gertrude, "is purely relative in its action, and can never be a thing-in-itself. It has no objective validity."

"It is extremely pleasant," said the young man, taking her hand.

"Pleasure and pain," replied Gertrude, "are simply sensations obeying the law of contrast. If all things were reduced to an absolute zero, there would be nothing at all. What we term reality is nothing but the interchanging of activities, producing heat which becomes latent in objects, thus enabling us to differentiate their identity."

"Good," said the young man. "I perceive that you are wound up, but believing as I do that at heart you are in reality a sweet and lovable girl, I'm going to let you run on. For I love you, with all your peculiarities. You do the talking and I'll do the love-making. I have come to stay."

A week later, when the moon had reached its full, and the soft sympathetic waves were lulling these two to a supreme joy that she had never felt before—when earth and air and sky seemed to surround them with a heavenly sweetness—Gertrude sat once more with her head on the young man's shoulder.

"Dearest," she murmured, "will you forgive me for all my nonsense?"

"Yes, darling, I knew you would recover all right. But I want you to promise me one thing."

"Anything!" exclaimed Gertrude, penitently, as she snuggled up a little closer. "What is it?"

"Only this," replied the young man, as a momentary shadow flitted across his face at the thought of what he had endured for her sake: "Promise me that you will never have a relapse."

TOM MASSON.

On the Side.

Mother.—Ethel, you naughty child, what have you been doing to make Charley cry so? **Ethel.**—I've only been sharing my cod-liver oil with him, dear mamma. You said it was so nice.

Judge.—You say you were alone when you committed the robbery? **Nitro Bill.**—Yes, yer honor. I alius does me little jobs alone. When ye've got a pal it's ten ter one he turns out dishonest.

Little Willie.—I say, pa, what is an empty title? **Pa.**—An empty title, my son, is your mother's way of referring to me as the head of the house when there are visitors present.

"True happiness," remarked the moralizer, "is found in the pursuit of something, not in catching it." **Huh!** growled the demoralizer; "tell that to some man who never chased an owl car."

"Are you going to entertain this winter?" **Well,** answered Mr. Cumrox, "mother and the girls will have a lot of people at the house, as usual. But I never can tell whether they are being entertained or bored."

Jasper.—I think I have reason to believe that that last poem of mine is a classic. **Jumpy.**—Why so? **Jasper.**—I find that all my friends have either seen it or heard of it, but none of them has read it.

"And now, Johnny," said the Sunday school teacher, "is there anything you don't understand about Eve and the serpent?" **Yes'm.** **Well, what?"** "How'd Eve keep from havin' a fit when she seen it comin'?"

"It's seven o'clock, Fritz! We must run home." **No,** if I go home now I shall be whipped for being so late. I'm going to stay till nine, and then I'll get bonbons and kisses because I'm not drowned."



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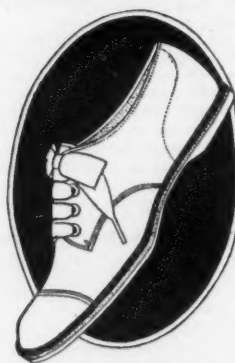


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"You haven't been here long," remarked the ink-well. "No," replied the new blotter. "How do you like your work?" "Well, it's certainly absorbing."

The teacher was describing her encounter with an impertinent tramp. "And then," said she, "I fainted." "Wit yer left or wit yer right, ma'am?" promptly inquired little Johnny Jimfries, the pugilist's son.

"Oh, doctor," exclaimed a rheumatic patient, "I suffer dreadfully with my hands and feet." "But, my dear sir," rejoined the physician, "just think how much inconvenience you would suffer without them."

Duff.—Gruff has made a big fortune, I'm told. **Bluff.**—Yes, Gruff always was a lucky dog. **Duff.**—And they tell me you've done pretty well yourself, old man. **Bluff** (modestly)—Well—yes—so. I tell you what it is, Duff, well-directed, intelligent effort always pays.

"Do you enjoy your wife's teas and receptions?" "No," answered the martyr, "to be candid, I do not. I can't help harboring a suspicion that if I didn't happen to be her husband my wife wouldn't consider me of sufficient social consequence to be invited."

Anecdotal

A merchant in one of the rural districts hangs out the following sign:

J. W. BROWN,
DEALER IN GENERAL MERCHANDISE,
Shirts, Breeches, and Everything that is
Good to Eat.
One is bound to presume that pea shirts
and duck breeches are the kinds meant.

Teddy (aged eight) in the morning had received instructions from his father "never to hurry his elders"—once he had asked for a thing he should rest patiently, waiting their convenience to get around to it. Teddy in the evening climbed into bed without saying his usual prayers. The intimate connection between these two events transpired a moment later, when Teddy's mamma asked why the prayers had been neglected. "I've asked God for three nights to make Teddy a good boy, and if I ain't it's 'cause God's been keep' busy som'er else. Pop says: 'Don't ever hurry the boss,' an' I guess I ain't a-goin' to hurry God. He'll get round to me jes' as soon as he has time."

Simone Ford gives an instance of the trials experienced by a newly married couple of his acquaintance with reference to the question of "household money." One day the young husband determined to have an understanding with his wife about what he considered her extravagance. "See here, Mary," he exclaimed, "I don't understand this thing at all! When I give you a lot of money for the house you spend it all; but when I don't give you so much, you seem to get along just about as well. How is it?" "The explanation is perfectly simple," replied the wife. "When you give me a lot of money I use it to pay the debts I get into when you don't give me so much."

"We owe the steel pen," said an inventor, "to a man named Gillott—Joseph Gillott—an Englishman. Gillott was a jeweler. He lived in Birmingham. One day, accidentally splitting the end of one of his fine steel jewel-making tools, he threw it peevishly on the floor. An hour later it was necessary for him to write a letter. Where, though, was his quill pen? He searched high and low, but couldn't find it. Looking finally on the floor, he discovered not the pen, but the broken steel tool. 'I wonder if I couldn't make shift to write with this?' he said. And he tried to write with the split steel, and, of course, he succeeded perfectly. To this episode we owe the steel pen, which has superseded the quill all over the world."

Henry W. Savage's *Sho-Gun* company was playing recently in a one-night stand in a little town in Iowa, where the local opera house was presided over by a townsman whose experience had been more agricultural than dramatic. He had an important idea of himself, which was noticeable in signs of his own handwriting that he placed around the theater. Here is the gem of the lot, orthography, syntax, and all just as he wrote it:

NO TILS
EVERY BODY IS OFFSHULY HERE BY
WARNED TO NOT SMOKE IN THIS
HERE HOUSE. THOSE SO COT DOIN
WIL BE PROMPTLY EJECTED. DAM
IT—I MUST HAVE SOME SISOOM.
Sined. Danl Tibbets.

An amusing instance of "literal-mindedness" was afforded not long ago by a bell-boy in a hotel in Washington. One of the guests, a Congressman from the West, had hurried to the hotel clerk's counter. He had just reached the railway station and board his train. When he hastily had transacted his business with the clerk and had turned to dash out of the door, it suddenly occurred to him that he had forgotten something. "Here, boy!" shouted he to a diminutive negro on the bench, "run to room No. 48 just as quick as you can, and see whether I have left a box on the bureau. But hurry, as I have only five minutes." The boy rushed up the stairs. In two or three minutes he returned, out of breath. "Yes, sah!" he panted, "you left it, sah!"

General Chaffee at a recent military banquet told the following story: Mr. Cassidy, through some unknown cause, decided to enter the army. It happened that although he knew nothing about riding a horse, he was drafted into a cavalry regiment. After a short time he was considered competent enough to take part in some of the simpler drills; but one day, an inspection of the regiment being ordered, he was obliged to be present with his company. A hat just had been ordered when Cassidy's horse began to get restive. The captain, seeing the trooper about to dismount, told him not to do so without orders. Hardly had the words left his mouth than the private was thrown over his horse's head upon the ground. "What do you mean by dismounting without orders?" the captain asked. "I had my orders," said the private. "From headquarters, I suppose," replied the angry officer. "No, your honor, from headquarters," was the answer.

Richard Mansfield, at a dinner in

"THE BOOK SHOP"

Pictures
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Philadelphia, praised a brother actor for the realistic beauty of his stage settings. "His doors," said Mr. Mansfield, "are real doors, with real knobs on them, real catches, and real locks. His grass is real grass. His books are real books, his food is real food, his wine is real wine, always. Sometimes, though—Mr. Mansfield smiled. "Sometimes, though, he goes a little too far. Once, rehearsing a new play wherein bricks were needed, he upbraided his property man on account of the bricks that had been supplied. 'Jenkins,' he bellowed, 'you disgust me.' And he pointed, with a great gesture of contempt, at the brick lying on the stage before him. 'Jenkins, do you think,' he cried, 'that any sane audience would be deceived by such a palpable imitation of a brick as that?' And lifting his foot, he gave the brick a tremendous kick. Then he sat down suddenly, and took his foot in his hand, moaning. For the brick he had kicked was a real one."

Alphonse Karr was a writer of many books; but his talents did not receive recognition when his early efforts were made. In fact he always attributed his literary successes to an accident. Karr was in Paris, and had been sending communications to the *Figaro* for some weeks, without having received any recognition, until he finally gave up writing. He ceased reading the *Figaro* for several weeks, until one Sunday morning a restaurant waiter handed him one. He began reading one of his own articles, though he could scarcely believe his eyes. Having finished it, he found another of his own writings following the first. He went on, and read a third. Then he took the paper to his apartments, and spent Sunday afternoon reading his own articles, for the paper was full of them, containing substantially nothing else. Karr always said that he was never so drunk from the use of liquor of any kind as he was that afternoon, his incredulity making his head buzz. The following morning he received a written request from the publishers to call on them as soon as convenient. There he learned that all the writers of the *Figaro* had gone on a strike, and the publishers, finding Karr's manuscripts in a pigeon-hole, had examined them carefully and put them in type. They thanked Karr for having furnished the articles, and asked him for more. They did not know that the editors had been killing the poor author's contributions. He agreed to become a regular contributor to the paper; and he did it as a favor to the publishers, and they paid him well. Thus he began a successful literary career.

In Indiana.

"What is the Dead March sounding for?" said Author-on-Parade.
"The cigarette, the cigarette," the Hoosier poet said.
"And what about the cigarette?" said Author-on-Parade.
"The Legislature knocked it out," the Hoosier poet said.
"The dainty corn husk wrappers they are burning left and right.
The fragrant corn silk fillers are ablaze in bonfires bright.
There aren't many dope sticks in the whole broad State to-night,
And the few that's left will vanish in the morning."

"What are the writers now to do?" said Author-on-Parade.
"We'll have to try the corn-cob pipe," the Hoosier poet said.
"I can not smoke a horrid pipe," said Author-on-Parade.
"Then you must smoke cigars or chew," the Hoosier poet said.
"For the cigarettes are going; we must chase 'em to the woods.
They're pinching every fellow who is captured with the goods.
The coffin nails are going—we can paste that in our heads,
And the few that's left will vanish in the morning."

"What's that so black against the sun?" said Author-on-Parade.
"The smoke of stogies and cheroots," the Hoosier poet said.
"We'll lose our inspiration now," said Author-on-Parade.
"We'll have to smoke another brand," the Hoosier poet said.
"While writing future novels we'll have to bear in mind,
The hero in his smoking-room, no matter how refined,
Must never, never roll a pill, but like some common hind
Have his little pipe of baccy in the morning."

Names and Notions.

There are some to whom the name of Wagner brings memories, not of operas, but of sleeping-cars. With many people the mention of the Alhambra calls to mind, not the original Moorish palace, but a place in London where one may spend a pleasant evening.

This latter notion is particularly characteristic of smokers just now, because the ballet at the Alhambra is all about *My Lady Nicotine*. Smokers, too, are prone to reflect, not on the fame of the great actor, when Garrick smoking tobacco is mentioned, but rather on the merits of the latter as the finest pipe tobacco made. "Garrick" is sold by all first-class dealers throughout Canada at 75 cents per quarter-pound tin.

June Weddings.

The month of June has become firmly established as the month of weddings. There are few readers of SATURDAY NIGHT who will not be called upon to attend one or more of these gay functions during the next few weeks. Whether you know of any or not, it is well to be prepared for it by ordering a swell new frock coat from Levy Bros., corner Scott and Colborne streets. They are showing some beautiful materials for this class of garment; and as for their method of making them up—ask any man "in the know" and he will tell you that for fit and style Levy Bros. are unexcelled.

The Over-Mothered German.

WAS talking about the Kaiser's Strassburg speech, so full of good advice to his soldiers, with a diplomatist at the Embassy in London. "Yes," he said; "but there is a danger that Government does too much for our people. In England you do very little; your children learn early in life to shift for themselves; they are always thinking how to get themselves on. They stand without being held."

He added, after a pause: "You are the best colonists in the world. Your young men pack a valise, take a cudgel in their hands, and cross the ocean. Nobody tells them on the other side. They depend on nothing but their own wits. And in a year they are writing home to bid their young ladies come out to them. Our people are not like that." This conversation recalled to my mind a delightful German whom I had the good fortune to meet on the train between the Hook of Holland and Berlin. He was a colonist. For twelve years he had labored in a far country, and now, swelling with pride, he was returning to the Fatherland. The talk I had with him is illuminating, and tells, in its own fashion, I think, in favor of the contention that the great danger of recently suggested legislation in England is its tendency to an emasculating and Teuton motherliness.

We met in the luncheon-car, and he was good enough to explain for my benefit the composition of certain German dishes otherwise occult. Afterwards we met in the corridor of the train, and I invited him to smoke a cigar in my carriage. He was much obliged, but refused.

"I am traveling second," he said. "But we can stand here, if you will." The man was tall, upright, and corpulent. His face was puffy and hot, flushed as it were with a burning indignation. He had a thick yellow moustache twisted furiously at the ends. His teeth protruded and rested on the nether lip; the double chin was small and receded. He wore dark-colored pince-nez, and removed them constantly to rub little grinning eyes, one of which was set fast in its socket. An ordinary white linen handkerchief was tied round his neck; his dove-colored overcoat was tight-buttoned; his grey squash hat was cocked rakishly over one ear. "I will tell you a second-class," I said to myself. "I am going home; I must look fine; I must be very nice. If I go first-class I shall have less money; if I go second-class I shall have more money. Ha! I will go second-class and spend the more money on clothes."

"That was wise of you," said I. "You should not judge me by these clothes that I wear," he said, chuckling. "These are colonial; very poor! But in my trunk—Oh! you should see! Clothes? Beautiful clothes! Oh, yes, yes! I have the most magnificent clothes. The young ladies will be very delighted to see me, I expect. Yes!" "I go to London for these clothes. In England you have the cut. Only in England it is so. There is no other country that can make the gentleman. Oh, they are very clever in London. I went to—, the great tailor in Cheapside; a very great tailor. I buy from him the frock suit; the suit like yours—ah, yes, the lounge suit you call it—the evening dress suit, and the overcoat. Oh, such a cut, that overcoat! Over the shoulders, so! Round the waist, so! Very smart, very smart, indeed. It makes the gentleman, that coat!"

"I see in the windows, 'Frock suit fifty-five shillings.' But I tell Mr. — that I am going home to Germany, that I am a colonist, that I want to look very fine; and he says to me: 'You must have something different than my fifty-five shillings frock suit; you must have nobleman's wear, five guineas—magnificent! And it's cheap, yes! Oh, the cut! A beautiful cut. The fit—sol Mag-nif-i-cent! And I have a silk hat, and some very grand ties. I have splendid ties in London, all the colors! I buy very many. I tell you, I shall make a dash!'"

He laughed exultingly. "What will my father and mother say when they see me!" he cried, charmingly. "I go away a little boy—thin, oh, very thin! And I come back a man!" He puffed out his stomach and spread his shoulders. "They will stare, eh? They will think I am a fine man. Yes! I am brown, brown by the sun. Should you not call me very brown?" "Very brown, indeed," I replied, with enthusiasm. "Yes! And my hands. Look at my hands. They are very brown, too, eh? You

see I am a colonial! I ride in the sun. I go long journeys in the saddle. I am in the scent business, and I travel far to many villages across prairies. Sometimes I ride a whole day. Yes! Would you not say my hands were very brown?"

"They are!" I cried, looking at the fat yellow hands spread proudly before the big stomach. "Oh, I shall have a fine time!" he laughed. "Think of the young ladies! Dances and concerts and the theater! They will be proud of me, eh? You must not judge me now! I have not yet shaved, and these are my old clothes—very poor. But in my trunk—Oh! He laughed and hid his face mischievously behind his brown, very brown, hands, at the thought of the surprise contained there.

I asked him if he would go back to his colony after these home triumphs. The face clouded over, and only the natural grin of the protruding teeth remained. "I do not know! It is very nice to be home. I love Germany very much. It is a fine country. We have a great Government here, and nice young ladies. I do not think they are so fine as the English ladies. Oh, you have some most magnificent young ladies in London!" he cried, breaking out into sunshine again. "I enjoyed myself in London very much. I sang in the drawing-room after dinner, and I danced with many very beautiful young ladies. I like your country; it is a great country. Yes!"

It was charming to see this big fat man returning from exile with the heart of a boy, proud of his brown face and his clothes out of Cheapside; but one could not help comparing him with the grim and taciturn colonist from the Britains beyond the seas, and deducing from the comparison certain comfort for one's own race.

The German is too much mothered to make a builder of new worlds. He cannot move without officials at his elbow. He does not trust his energies to his own volition. And in his heart, as my fine colonist shows, there is always a certain effeminacy which keeps him sick for the Fatherland. He thinks of his bronzing face, while the Englishman thinks of his bank balance.

But there is one place where they colonize with amazing success and with very little interruption from nostalgia, and that is London.—Harold Begbie in *London Daily Mail*.

The Author Illusion.

HERE is a well-known story to the effect that an enthusiastic student journeyed across the Alps from Gaul into Italy merely to catch a glimpse of the historian, Livy. This romantic tribute to the charm of the great Roman's pages has become a part of history as enduring as his own highly-colored account of the heroism of Horatius. It has come to be regarded as high-water mark in literary appreciation. And yet the thought sometimes suggests itself, Was the man of Gaul disappointed? As he loitered on the Via Sacra, searching the faces of the passers-by, he had, no doubt, some ideal portrait in his mind of the man he was so anxious to see. Was it upheld or dashed to the ground when the lion was pointed out to him? We have very little idea of how Livy looked. But it is not taking too much for granted to suppose that he was no heroic figure. Long nights spent in driving the stylus over wax tablets must have dimmed the fire of his eyes. Concentrated thought must have thinned his hair to baldness. More than likely, his addiction to study caused frequent forgetfulness in the matter of shaving. So it is an open question whether or not the traveler from beyond the mountain peaks was pleased when he envisaged the object of his admiration. History is silent on the point.

Aside from this particular case, which we have no way of determining, the great literary lights have usually been disappointing subjects for hero-worship. Genius is a matter of solitude and calm. Great books are not written in the marketplace; they are written from the author's heart in the peace of the silent places, or lured from his soul with the fairy music that no vulgar ears may hear. The thoughts of a great author are sacred and inviolate, like the best thoughts of every sincere man. To impart them in a book is his vocation, just as it is the priest's to intone from the altar steps. That is why the great authors have so frequently sulked in the drawing-room. They object to being lionized. To lend their inspiration to the glorification of a silly hostess they regard as sacrilegious and debasing.

No doubt this lionizing of authors is



SOMEBODY OUGHT TO GO.

If you marry and start on your honeymoon trip
And discover you have not the self—
That you lack the sponulid wife and you—
Why, go on a trip by yourself.—Life.

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Commencing June 1 Steamers leave Toronto, 9 p.m. daily, except Sundays, from July 1, daily, Rochester, 1000 Islands, Rapids, St. Lawrence, Montreal, Quebec, Saguenay River.

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Commencing Saturday, June 3, thereafter every Saturday, to Rochester and 1000 Islands. Very low rates this season every Saturday to Prescott, returning Monday morning.

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a tacit acknowledgment of the superiority of brains to money. But, like many things which money does, it fails of its object. Genius, with instinctive horror, refuses to roar for the edification of a polite assemblage. But there are plenty of Nick Bottoms willing to play the lion, and when they lash about and below they give a very fair imitation of the king of beasts.

For this reason, it is much more satisfactory to neglect the author's personality and to confine ourselves to his works. There we have the best that is in him—thoughts that gleam like diamonds in a setting of golden language. That ought to satisfy a sincere lover of good literature. It is the writer's misfortune that it does not. His readers, in nine cases out of ten, are curious about his personal appearance. They must see him and press his hand and hear him talk. If that is impossible they must have his photograph. Generally they are disappointed. Nature is not especially kind to genius. Socrates was one of the ugliest of men, and a very casual inspection of any illustrated handbook of literature will reveal many forbidding faces. If the reader must have some memento of the author's intimate self, let him write for an autograph. It is a foolish and detestable practice, but it is safe. A few words inked on paper, no matter how vile the scrawl, will not dash an illusion as quickly as the sight of an ugly face or the hearing of a harsh-toned voice.

But if the admirer of talent must appease the yearning of his soul with more substantial tokens, let him give over his worship at the literary shrine before his idols are all shattered. The stage is his proper sphere. Actors have many shortcomings, but indifference to admiration and neglect of personal appearance are not among them. If the man from Gaul had come to see Roscius instead of Livy he would never have been disappointed. The historian always looks the part.

Saturday to Monday Outings.

The weather is delightful for a trip to the popular resorts, or into the country. Special low rates are in effect from Toronto, good going all trains Saturday and Sunday, returning until Monday following. To Hamilton, \$1.50; St. Catharines, \$2.25; Niagara Falls, \$2.60; Brantford, \$2.05; Woodstock, \$2.70; Guelph, \$1.60; Lindsay, \$2.05; Peterboro, \$2.40, and proportionate rates to other points. Call at Grand Trunk ticket office, north-west corner King and Yonge streets, for tickets and full information.

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MUSIC

MR. BERTRAM, the talented young solo pianist, who has but recently returned from a four years' course of study in Germany, gave a private recital last week to a few friends. He played numbers by Chopin and Beethoven and astonished his hearers by his brilliant and accurate technique. Mr. Bertram was an accomplished player before he went abroad. He has come back a finished executant.

Mr. J. Herbert Marshall, the noted English piano dealer of London, in a talk with a representative of the *Musical Age* ridiculed the tradition that well-made English pianos would not stand the American climate. Mr. Marshall stands on safe ground when he says that the English piano will stand the climate of the United States and Canada. But he forgot to mention, or did not know, that the English piano will not stand the American stove or the American furnace. Even the American instrument has a hard time in resisting the drying-out influences of our stoves and heaters. Mr. Marshall is in the United States to advance the interests of a combination of the Brinsmead (English) piano and the Angelus piano-player.

Mr. Frank Welsman, one of the most popular of Canadian piano virtuosos, has been commissioned by the University of Toronto to conduct their musical examinations this year in Manitoba, the North-West Territories, and British Columbia. He will start on his tour about the middle of the month and will, incidentally, give recitals in Winnipeg, Calgary, Vancouver, Victoria, and other prominent places. This will be Mr. Welsman's first trip to the North-West and the Coast, and no doubt he will gather valuable information as to the state of music in our rapidly developing new country.

Miss Mabel B. Wills, an advanced pupil of Mr. A. S. Vogt, delighted a select audience at the Conservatory Music Hall last week in a recital that embraced selections of a varied and exciting nature. Among her numbers were Bach's Italian Concerto, the first movement of Beethoven's Concerto in C minor with the Reincke Cadenza, Liszt's *Sonnet de Petrarche* and his Concert Etude in D flat, Saint-Saens' Caprice in G, and a group of smaller pieces. Miss Wills played her programme not only with artistic intelligence, but with much distinction and mastery of technique. The young lady was most enthusiastically applauded. The orchestral part of the Concerto was played in arrangement form on a second piano by Miss Jessie C. Perry with striking ability.

Still another piano recital of merit was that given on Saturday evening in the Conservatory of Music by Miss Helen M. A. Strong, a pupil of Mr. J. D. A. Tripp. Miss Strong offered a choice programme which she rendered with exceptional musical judgment and expression, combined with an appealing tone, and clearness and flexibility of execution. She was assisted by Miss Muriel Dick, pupil of Mrs. Ryan-Burke, Mr. Sherriss, pupil of Mr. Pigott, and Miss Jean Sampson and Mr. James Ross, pupils of Dr. Ham, all vocalists of good voices and refined style.

Mr. Arthur Blight has been appointed musical director of Grimsby Park for the entire season.

Miss Mabel Steele, a pupil of Mr. Frank Welsman, gave a piano recital on Friday of last week at St. Margaret's College, before two hundred music lovers. She gave the following selections with fine execution and artistic and sympathetic interpretation: *Chaminade, Autumn, Danse Croire, Grieg, Aus dem Cornet Op. 19, No. 3; Chopin, Berceuse Etude in G flat, Ballade in A flat; Saint-Saens, Concerto in G minor (Andante), and Liszt, Rhapsody Hungarian No. 2.* Mr. Welsman played the accompaniment to the concerto movement on a second piano. Welcome assistance was given by Miss King, vocalist.

York, Pa., which has for several years past sent up a party of musical enthusiasts to the concerts of the Mendelssohn Choir, is rejoicing in the work of a new chorus which made its appearance in that city recently under the baton of Dr. Fred Ratcliff, a former member of the Mendelssohn Choir. The press of York describes the work of the chorus as unsurpassed in local musical annals. It is the intention to organize the chorus on a permanent basis. Referring to the future of the chorus, the *York Dispatch* says: "Early in September the chorus will reorganize under the direction of Dr. Ratcliff. He is a warm friend and emulator of the eminent conductor of the Toronto Mendelssohn Choir, Vogt,

and from him the York chorus has received the name, the Schubert Choir, by which it will be known as such hereafter."

Another choir which has won enthusiastic praise during its first season is the Elgar Choir of Hamilton, which, under the baton of Mr. Bruce A. Carey, has sprung into immediate notice in the Ambitious City. Mr. Carey has been, for some seasons past, a regular attendant at the concerts of the Mendelssohn Choir, and has been a close student of the methods and aims of the conductor of the Toronto chorus. The Hamilton papers are unanimous in pronouncing the work of the Elgar Choir superior to anything ever heard in Hamilton previously.

The pupils of Mrs. Mildred Walker will be heard in a vocal recital in St. George's Hall on Thursday evening, June 15. An admission fee of ten cents will be charged at the door. Programme may be obtained at the Bell piano warerooms, 146 Yonge street.

The popularity of the Sherlock Male Quartette appears to increase with each season until the name has become a household word throughout the province. The Dundalk Herald of last week devotes two-thirds of a column to a report of their concert held there under the auspices of the Public Library Board and speaks in the highest terms of praise of the admirable work of the quartette. In Markdale and Owen Sound their concerts were return dates, they having recently sung in each of those places. On Victoria Day, in Greenbank, the Presbyterians held their concert in the large Methodist Church in order to be the better able to accommodate the crowd that was expected, but the results were even better than anticipated, for when the quartette reached the church they found a \$211 house awaiting them. It speaks well for the churches in Greenbank that such neighborliness exists as to permit of one denomination using the church building of another in which to hold its concert.

A song recital by pupils of Mrs. Alfred Jury will be given at the Normal School Theater on Tuesday evening next, June 6. The following pupils will take part: Mrs. Jean Caldwell-Alderson, Eva Bagshaw, Emma Beer, Florence M. Baker, Evelyn J. Carroth, Ella Dales, Florence Fisher, Helen Fisher, Alice M. Halls, Florence M. Huntley, Alwilda Hill, Tena J. MacIntyre, Florence M. McNeill, Laura Gertrude Shildrick, and E. Mabel Watson. Miss May Cook, a pupil of Mr. Alfred Jury, will play a couple of piano solos.

When Mozart died he was interred with several paupers in one grave, and to this day no one knows where his remains rest. The recent Schiller centenary has recalled the fact that that poet fared no better. Adolf Stahr has given a full account of the affair, of which the *Musical Courier* prints a summary:

"April 29 Schiller had attended the theater for the last time, and on the following day he was obliged to take to his bed, from which he never arose again. May 9 he breathed his last. With the exception of his wife and children, and his friend, Heinrich Voss, no one paid him any attention during his illness, nor at the time of his death. The indifference of Weimar to the fate of her hero seems incredible. The court was away, and Goethe so abhorred death in its external form that on this occasion, as always when any one near and dear to him died, he was 'ill and obliged to keep to his room.' The theater continued its performances as if nothing had happened and would have opened its doors on the very day of Schiller's burial, May 12, had not the actress, Jagemann-Heigert, died, flatly refused to dishonor the illustrious dead by playing on that day."

"Voss attended personally to all the details of the funeral. As the Schiller family was left in destitute circumstances, and as no one came forward to help, the cheapest kind of a coffin (three thalers was the price) was ordered from the cabinet-maker Eichenhauer. . . . The funeral train, consisting of scarcely twenty persons, wending its way through the dark, deserted streets of Weimar at one o'clock at night, *ohne Sang und Klang*, presented a doleful and piteous sight. The interment was in a damp, neglected vault of the ancient graveyard of the 'Jakobs' Church, a tomb which served as a burial place for poor persons of prominence who could not afford their own private burial plots. Without a song, without a prayer, without a word of farewell from any of those present, the rude coffin was lowered into the vault, where it lay among a lot of others."

Such facts may offer some consolation to those of our modern poets and composers who think the world is tardy in recognizing their own superlative genius. Here are a few more: A few years ago J. E. Engel discovered some unpublished

letters of Mozart's, in one of which Mozart writes to his wife, a year before his death, from Frankfurt, where he had given an unsuccessful concert, that he would not be able, in consequence, to pay the 1,000 florins to his creditors on his return, and urges her to "try to make known my intention to take pupils." But he found it difficult to get pupils even at a dollar a lesson. Besides the debts mentioned, he owed his friend Puchberg 2,000 florins. After his death his debts were found to amount to 3,000 florins, and all his worldly possessions were worth barely 400 florins (\$200). His widow was allowed to suffer in poverty for years, and when she tried to make a little money by getting out a piano-score of his opera *Don Giovanni*, not a single subscriber sent in his name.

The *Musician* of Boston has some interesting information regarding a young English composer, Cyril Scott, whose works are receiving a considerable amount of attention at present. In England, his works have been noticed by Hans Richter, who has played one of the orchestral suites in the northern provincial towns. His Symphony, Symphonic Rhapsody No. 1, and piano quartette (performed by Fritz Kreisler, the composer, and two others) stimulated much comment when produced in London, and some of the songs, as well as the Pierrot and Dagobah piano pieces, have acquired great popularity. In tracing his musical extraction Cyril Scott says that he "owes a great deal to Palestrina, Bach, Tchaikovsky, and Wagner, but in the matter of form more especially to Bach." Richard Saville writes regarding him:

"Cyril Scott is a young English composer who has had the rare good fortune to be much talked about and very generally disapproved of in the British Isles. He has taken the sacred rules of musical theory into his own hands and has discarded many of the most cherished traditions. To take their place he has invented a system of melodic and harmonic procedure which, while completely emancipated and strongly individualized, is far from being an emulation of the so-called 'ecophonic' school of modern Germany or of the subtleties of the advanced 'Frankists' of the French school. This is more than enough to bring him into disrepute with his countrymen. Harmonic daring in an Englishman! Whither is the Anglo-Saxon race backsliding?"

Regarding one of Cyril Scott's songs, *Voices of Vision*, Mr. Saville says: "Vagueness, melancholy abstraction, psychic vacuity, are expressed by the title and verses, and the music is obedient to the poet's idea in its suggestion of mitigated unrest, passionless yearning, unvenomed sadness. Tonality is absent. Rhythm is shown in a state both undeveloped and recondite. Melodic sections are simple as regards construction, negative as regards symmetry, and casual in regard to arrangement. As in many of this composer's works, the key-signature is dropped to facilitate notation, sharps and flats being indicated as they occur. The harmony is dim and atmospheric, becoming charged at an accented line with a poignantly dissonant quality."

Master Jack Challes, late leading chorister boy in All Saints' Church choir, was presented by the congregation with a gold watch and chain, in recognition of his services to the church for the past seven years. Master Challes, who is well known as one of our best boy sopranos, began his career as a chorister at ten years of age, and soon showed the possession of more than ordinary talent, as well as of a beautiful voice. These gifts have been diligently cultivated under Mr. Fairclough's direction, and with what success is very well known. The presentation was made in the presence of a large gathering of members of All Saints' congregation, and complimentary speeches were made by the rector, Rev. Canon Baldwin, and the churchwardens.

Miss Ruby Pendrith (pupil of Nora Kathleen Jackson) has been appointed contralto soloist of St. Philip's Church. Miss Pendrith is highly spoken of by former choirmasters, one of whom says: "I believe she has a most brilliant career before her as a church and concert soloist. She has my best wishes, and I can heartily and confidently recommend her." Still another says: "Her voice is contralto, of excellent quality, ample in volume and range; while her interpretation and expression are intelligent and artistic."

At the faculty concert of the Toronto College of Music last Thursday night, Mr. Sebastian H. Burnett once more proved himself to be an artist of exceptional qualities and high attainments. The interpretation of Massenet's *Vision Fugitive* showed Mr. Burnett not only to be the possessor of a beautiful voice, but a master of vocal art, with a keen conception of the Italian cantabile style. Mr. Burnett received enthusiastic applause, to which he responded with the beautiful song, *A Blossom*, by Bunting.

At the Toronto College of Music on Wednesday evening, a song recital of unusual merit was given by Miss Ethel M. Robinson, a pupil of Dr. Torrington. Miss Robinson has a sweet, pure soprano voice which she uses with skill. The programme comprised songs by Hatten, Bennett, Horrocks, Kucken, Torrington, Del Reigo, Pinault, Bischoff, Elgar, and the operatic excerpt from Verdi's *Il Trovatore*, *Tacea la Notte*; selections from Haydn's oratorio, *Creation*, *On Mighty Poets*, and the duet from Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, *Quia est Homo* (second soprano, Miss M. E. Robinson), in all of which Miss Robinson showed her artistic ability. Miss Robinson was ably assisted by Miss Dollie Blair, pianist, Miss Faly Willinsky, reader, and Miss Ethel Evans, violinist. Mr. F. C. Smith played a violin obligato to the songs by Kucken and Del Reigo in his usual artistic manner.

At the Toronto College of Music last Thursday evening, members of the faculty gave a programme of music which aroused the large audience to great en-

thusiasm—nearly all the numbers being re-demanded. The organ numbers were by Mr. Charles Eggett, organist, Central Methodist Church (Baptist, *Grand Offertoire*), and the Tchaikovsky *Andante Cantabile* by Mr. Jeffers, organist of Old St. Andrew's Church. Mr. Frank S. Welsman gave a brilliant rendering of the *Marche Militaire* (Schubert-Tausig), and Liszt's Twelfth Rhapsodie, the latter in response to an insistent encore. The third and fourth movements from the Reissiger Trio, Op. 164, for piano, violin and cello, played by the talented pianist, Miss Dollie Blair, Mr. F. C. Smith (violin) and Mr. Waizman (cello), completed the instrumental portion of the recital. The vocalists were Miss Angela Edwards, Miss Lillian Kirby, and Mr. Sebastian Burnett, who won pronounced triumphs. Mrs. Scott-Raff gave a recital from *Macbeth* in expressive style.

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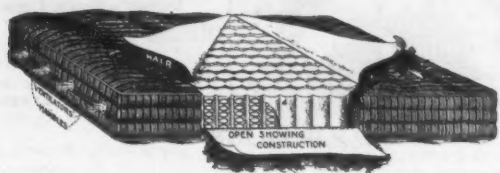
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rocks. Manhattan—Why, what's the matter with him? Broadway—He started in to make enough money to retire on, and made so much that he's got to work overtime to take care of it.

Jim—Say, Bill, wot would yer do if yer had a million dollars? Bill—Oh, I s'pose I'd blow about half 'un makin' meself sick an' de other half tryin' ter find out wot wuz de matter wid me.

First Clubman—Will you tell me why your daughter refused the hand of old Moneybags? Second Clubman—Because of the rest of the anatomy that went with it.

New York Letter.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

MEMORIAL DAY gives back to "America" her own. But the significance of this is only apparent, as the other fact is apparent also, that there is or has been an "America," and that this "America" has a history, written in brave deeds and generous romance. Sometimes throughout the year we wonder if the "old America" is a myth. All that is most in evidence about us seems so raw, elemental and crude, so utterly detached and separate from any restraining influence of the past. Democracy daily flaunts itself in our teeth and says, "I owe allegiance to none! and it might add, quite as truthfully, neither respect nor reverence, also. The bourgeois have overrun the market places, and generations of refinement have only enfeebled the race for the modern industrial struggle. Women have been rudely torn from their sacred niches and made to scramble on unequal terms for the privilege of an ignominious car-strap. In a word, dry, hard, modern materialism, which saps life of that spiritual vitality—out of which, after all, the aesthetic as well as romantic impulses must grow—seems to have driven far into the background that America which fought for abstract principles and won, as she thought, a heritage of liberty for her children. Did she dream how her generous ideals would miscarry, and her magnanimous policy invite an invasion of the unassimilated population of the world?

But year by year, at least, the ranks of this materialism divide, and through the division made the grey veterans of the past are marching in review. Some are tottering and feeble, others are still erect and firm, while all are proudly bearing the tattered, blackened ensign of some honorable battlefield. These, we feel, are not the men who break faith with treaties, or sell public franchises for a mess of pottage. Nor are they the men who roughly jostle women and children aside to be first in the race for a car, or trample them under foot, like demons, at the first sign of danger to their own miserable skins.

But the ranks are visibly thinning year by year, and we wonder how long the spirit of the older and gentler America—that America of the Emersons, the Whitmans, the Alcotts—will be able to restrain the lawlessness that is rampant, or modify the social development of the land.

The memorial exercises this year, as last, began Sunday morning with a celebration of military high mass in the Brooklyn Navy Yard for the Spanish war veterans. In the afternoon, services were held in the different cemeteries, while flowers and flags were deposited on the soldiers' graves. At night every Post in the city attended a memorial service in some church, and in the West Thirty-third Street Baptist, which the Grand Marshal and staff attended, an interesting flag ceremony was witnessed. As the Marshal and various Posts arrived at the church, the battle and post flags were deposited in the vestibule to the number of twenty-five. These were afterward carried ceremoniously into the church by the color guard, who laid them on the pulpit, the organ playing meanwhile the *Star Spangled Banner*.

The parade itself on Decoration Day was of course the interesting feature of the memorial exercises, and it is estimated that from fifteen to sixteen thousand were in the line of march. The parade formed in Central Park West and marched up Riverside Drive to the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument, where the reviewing stand was built, the city regiments leading the way and acting as an escort to the veterans. All arms of the service, and, one could add, all nations—Italian, Hebrew, colored—were represented in the line, while the veteran Zouaves with the Old Guard in the uniforms of George III., supplied the picturesque touches in a procession of absorbing dramatic interest throughout. Brief religious exercises were held at the handsome monument, while the battleship *Tacoma*, anchored opposite, fired a national salute of twenty-one guns. These exercises were repeated later at the Grant Monument, farther up the river.

Over in Brooklyn the feature of the day's parade was the unveiling of the monument to Major-General Slocum, which exercises the President came from Washington to attend.

Races, or for that matter any outdoor recreation, are much more to the point just now than anything so far indoor as theatrical entertainment. So that Belmont, and, later, Gravesend, have provided as popular rendezvous for New York society as the Woodbine, apparently, has been doing for Toronto. And with the *Globe's* benediction finally on the track we need fear our nagging (this is not a pun) consciences no more. Over here we shall be following the meets at the different tracks for some weeks yet, though in these we shall soon have to forego the presence of smart society, who will, for the most part, have left the city for country homes or sea voyages.

And without smart society what is a horse race?

Moreover, in theatrical circles there has been nothing of compelling interest, and the little that has been done has been on the outer rim of the regular theatrical circle. Of these Mme. Kalisch, a Polish actress, and an East Side favorite, who came up from the Bowery this week and made her advent on the English stage in Sardou's *Fedora*, was the item of chief interest. It is too soon to say that she deserves all that her East Side friends have said of her, but she shows at least elements of greatness, if not actual genius, that only await the restraining influence of art to add another star to our dramatic firmament.

Down in Fourteenth street, Miss Eugenie Blair has been portraying *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, while up in Harlem Miss Adelaide Kane gave us her idea of *Camille*. Rather an odd coincidence, it is not, these three social outcasts played on the outer rim of the legitimate playhouses, as theatrical topo-

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graphy goes in New York? Miss Kerin further promises us a production of *Hamlet* in another week, but what may be in store for us in this connection only the uncommunicating gods know. From the photos extant it will be a chubby-faced *Hamlet*, at least. At present I know only one actress whom I can conceive as a successful *Hamlet*, but one hesitates to name a lady of Miss Edythe Wynne Matthison's parts, in all sorts of company, and for that reason I forbear.

There are only a few of the Broadway houses still open, and two of these will close with this week's end. One, the Empire, where Miss Marie Tempest's successful engagement in *The Freedom of Suzanne* had to be extended, and the other, the Bijou, where David Warfield has won the season's record in the triumphant *Music Master*. This latter withdrawal, however, is merely an interruption to give the *Music Master* a well-earned holiday. Early in September the piece will go on again, to be continued throughout the season, and then taken to London in the spring. Its reception at the English metropolis will be watched with great interest.

The Heir to the Hoar is still playing to crowded houses at the Hudson, but for the rest, musical comedies, of which there are four, prevail. Of these *Fantana* continues its long run at the Lyric and will probably remain there throughout the summer. At the New York, George M. Cohan in his merry, musical skit, *Little Johnny Jones*, has been playing to capacity houses, notwithstanding that on the roof above him Damrosch has been conducting summer concerts. This little comedy is unique in one respect, there is no element of horseplay introduced; in fact everything except the music, which is of the brightest, catchiest kind, woven about the theme of Yankee Doodle, is in a somewhat minor key.

Johnny Jones himself, the famous American jockey, is quite a refined, well-groomed chap, and on occasion indulges in rather serious—or, better, sentimental—disquisitions on life in general, as in his recitative, "Life's a funny proposition after all," wherein we are reminded of Chevalier and his "fallen star." Most of the humor is of a pleasant kind and takes its rise in the incongruities of the presence of certain self-confessed Americans in London, who are made to disparage themselves with rather careless disregard of the proprieties of London life. Points are about even on the whole, and the worst thing said of London is that "people are crazy to go there." The chorus is good, and I was going to say well mounted, but that might be misunderstood, and one mechanical effect, a lighted steamer out at sea, supposed to be passing the Lizard, is very realistic and itself worth the discomforts of a hot night.

Sergeant Brue is still holding down the Knickerbocker Theatre, and in the London "Bobby" Frank Daniels has found an excellent vehicle for his fun-making propensities. In fact the London success is being fairly repeated on Broadway. The part is essentially humorous and the author of the libretto has provided some really witty lines for the

role. The actor's little figure, too, lends itself most agreeably to the caricature, and the make-up altogether is broadly funny without transgressing too far the lines of probability. The score is likewise a merry one and tuneful, and well interpolated with such catchy songs as *Skating, My Irish Molly O, Saturday After Two, and I Was Born on a Friday*, to a very familiar air.

Miss Blanche King, who plays *Lady Bickenhall*, is just as genial and attractive as ever, and her songs, *Saturday After Two* and *Molly*, were rendered in capital style. The fetchiest number of all is a duet over the tea-cups between Sallie Fisher and Walter Perceval, that runs this way:

He—Little hand like rose's petal!

She—Will you kindly fetch the kettle?

Sergeant Brue, whose specialty is "traffic not crime," has been left a fortune with a string attached to it, and the condition of inheritance is that he shall remain in the Metropolitan force until he reaches the post of inspector. The chances of an inspectorship for this popular, but not over brilliant, member of the force are, of course, rather slight, but nevertheless he proceeds in a comic opera fashion to make good. He can never hope to run down any sort of criminal, so he conspires with one to commit a burglary and give him the tip. The scheme, however, only results in his own arrest, and disgrace seems inevitable when *Lady Bickenhall* comes to the rescue and exerts the influence of a pret-

ty woman on the magistrate. This does it all, even to the inspectorship.

The three criminals in their *Put Me in My Little Cell* is the drollest bit of the whole performance, and was recalled over and over again. Altogether *Sergeant Brue* is one of the best of its numerous kind. It is bright, clean and vivacious, and there is something doing all the time.

But the best and prettiest opera of the season has undoubtedly been Victor Herbert's *It Happened in Nordland*, written for Lew Field and run at his new theater all winter. The music is already tolerably familiar, particularly that of the "Absinthe" dance, and this, along with Indian and other dances, proved stage pictures of ravishing beauty.

J. E. W.

Education is all the things you don't learn when you go to college.

A woman thinks a man has a bad temper when he loses his because she never finds hers.

It's queer how long it takes a man's wife to get over the idea that his lap was made to sit in.

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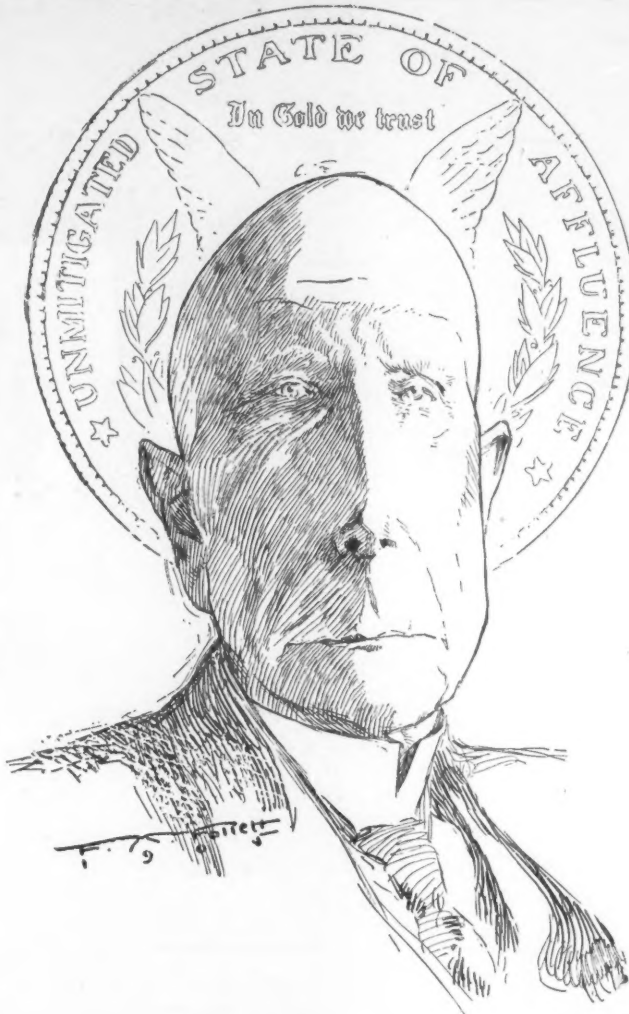
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R. J. MARKER (CAPT.)

A.D.C. to Lord Kitchener.

June 26th, 1901.

Cigarettes of the same quality are now on sale at the United Stores, Company, Limited, and from Messrs. W. B. Reid & Co., Limited, Yonge Street.



JOHN D. THE BAPTIST.—Life.



Mrs. H. H. Cook and her daughters, Mrs. Frank Macdonald of Toronto and Mrs. Norry's Worthington of Quebec, have gone to England.

Much sympathy has been expressed for Mrs. Charles Boeckh, who recently suffered the loss of her father, Mr. Martin Barron, and who will be in seclusion by reason of this bereavement for some time.

Mrs. Arthur Spragge and Miss Spragge are leaving shortly for their summer home at Golden, B.C.

At Lady Gzowski's tea on Tuesday, the pretty coterie of girl friends who assisted Miss Mary Gzowski in the tea-room included Miss Frances Heron, Miss Susie Cassels, the Misses Cayley, and Miss Elsie Lockhart-Gordon, debutantes of this and last season.

The marriage of Miss Beatrice Ritchie, daughter of Lady Ritchie of Ottawa, and Hon. Francis MacNaghten, second son of Baron MacNaghten of Runkerry, County Antrim, will take place this month. Mr. MacNaghten was one of the polo team from the North-West who played at Sunlight Park some months ago.

The Countess of Morley, whose recent widowhood put her sister, Lady Grey, into mourning this season, is to spend some time with His Excellency and Countess Grey. I believe the Countess of Morley is arriving almost at once and is accompanied by her only daughter, Lady Mary Theresa Parker, a young gentlewoman twenty-four years old or so.

Mrs. John Meredith, nee Hellmuth, will hold her post-nuptial receptions on Monday and Tuesday at the home of Chief Justice Sir William Meredith, 4 Lampson avenue.

Mr. Allan Magee, ex-A.D.C. to His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor, and who is now spending some time at Government House, has been with the Misses Mortimer Clark several times at the Races. Mr. Magee was not quite strong last winter, but is looking very much better.

A very pretty young matron at the Races was Mrs. Syer of Niagara-on-the-Lake, who was with Miss Kingsmill. A visiting critic tells me that he has been at race meets all over the world, but has never seen anything like the members' lawn in Toronto. Other places may have a more aggressive display of wealth, more *outré* costumes and a more pronounced chic, but Toronto has more real fun and good fellowship, cordiality and at-homeness, more good-looking women and better manners than the finest race meets this polite person has ever seen. The sane and wholesome lives led by most of the women of Toronto, the cream of which precious heritage of our city may be seen each day at the Woodbine, is bound to have its result in bright smiles, clear complexions, pleasant expression and radiant good fellowship. When the best of Hamilton, the fairest of London, and choice bouquets from other cities are added, no wonder the members' lawn blossoms like a rose garden.

The third daughter of our viceregal guests, Lady Evelyn Grey, made many friends during her visit by her sweet and unaffected manner and evident en-

joyment of the various diversions offered. Lady Evelyn is a quiet, gentle girl, who requires knowing to bring out the charm she possesses, and in the brief week spent here she was not much *en évidence*. Her pretty manner and pretty smile and always courteous interest in what was going on made her friends in Toronto sorry not to have had her longer here.

Hon. Lionel Guest, fourth son of Baron Wimborne of Canford Manor, Dorset, is engaged to Mrs. Bigelow Dodge of Sioux Falls, S.D. Those who met Mr. Guest at Rideau some time ago will be interested in this bit of news. The *fiancé* is quite a young man, some twenty-five years of age, I believe. His mother was Lady Cornelia Spencer-Churchill, a daughter of the seventh Duke of Marlborough.

Two good cronies, well known in smart circles, met after the Races and dinner the other evening at a certain smart club. Said Crony No. 1, "I got lost race, old fell'. Long shot, Plan-tagenet. Let him have twenty of mine. What sh' I think o' that?" The second crony shook his head sapiently. "Ducky log, ducky log!" he murmured amiably, and number one is still wondering what he meant.

The engagement is announced of Miss Alice Hall, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Hall, 159 Arthur street, to Mr. Fred Millard Harvie of Gravenhurst. The marriage has been arranged to take place very quietly in Bonar Presbyterian Church on June 14 at 2.30 p.m.

Mrs. J. B. Murphy and her family are at Hotel Hanlan for the summer.

A quiet and very pretty wedding took place on Tuesday afternoon, May 23, at the Church of the Messiah, the rector, Rev. Robert Sims, officiating, when Mr. Percy H. B. Dawson of Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., was married to Miss Jean Lawrence, daughter of Mr. J. R. Northcott of 207 Cottingham street. The bride, who was unattended, wore a traveling suit of navy blue broadcloth. During the ceremony Mr. C. Smyth played softly on the organ. After visiting Montreal and Quebec, Mr. and Mrs. Dawson will live at Sault Ste. Marie.

Miss Rockcliffe-Knight sailed on the s.s. *Canada* to spend six months with relatives in England and on the Continent.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. McIntosh, Miss Fenwick, Mrs. Mercer J. Adams and her daughters Mary and Marguerite, sailed on Tuesday from New York for Liverpool, and will remain abroad till September.

Among guests recently registered at the Welland are: Mrs. W. Pollman Evans, Mrs. E. C. Cayley, Mr. F. B. Mathews, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Rumsey, Mrs. Thomas Houston, Mr. and Mrs. T. D. Bailey, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Stonehouse, of Toronto; Miss M. J. Wilkeson, Mr. E. F. Mulkey, of Buffalo; Mrs. J. F. Duncan, of Galt; Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Clark of Collingwood; Mrs. John Schweuder, Miss G. Griswold, of Chicago; Miss Alice McLimont, Miss Amy McLimont, of Montreal; Mr. William Richards of Prince Edward Island; Miss Redmond of St. Thomas, Rev. G. R. Beamish of Belleville, Mr. and Mrs. J. Mathews of Port Colborne, Mr. and Mrs. J. Rolston of Dunnville; Miss M. Chisholm, Mrs. W. A. Holton, of Hamilton; Miss E. Remon, of Ottawa.

The Lampman recital was a great success from the first number, called "An Appreciation of Archibald Lampman's Poetry," by Duncan Campbell Scott, who brought out all the deeper points

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Stunning little Russian Blouse Suits daintily trimmed—natty Sailor Suits—Sailor Norfolk, in which any boy will appear attractive.

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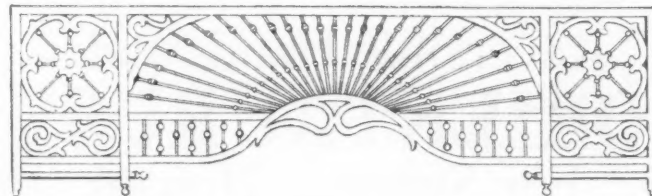


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MORANG & CO., Limited,
90 Wellington St. West, Toronto.

The Pastoral Plays.

Ben Greet, whose company will be seen in open-air plays next Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday at the University of Toronto, in the afternoon at 3 and in the evening at 8, argues for Shakespeare as Shakespeare wrote it—the play, the whole play, and nothing but the play. No juggling of scenes to obtain a "big curtain" for the star, no cutting and slashing to fit the requirements of the actor's limitations, no wealth of "production" to divert the spectators' attention from the matter at hand. And Mr. Greet has the courage of his convictions, since for several years his company has been presenting during the winter season the plays of Shakespeare in the Elizabethan manner, and it is an undisputed fact that the great public likes the innovation, if it can be called such, while your true Shakespearean student is simply carried away with it. There are, the Elizabethan says, many advantages in the Elizabethan mode of presentation. The stage is simply set, the scene representing the theater or hall where the play was originally performed, and this one scene remaining, of course, throughout the entire action of the play. Attention is thus concentrated on the actor, with whose movements, boldly defined against a simple background, nothing inter-

feres. The stage is built out into the auditorium, which brings the action into more intimate relation with the audience and gives special kind of realism which the vast distance and manifold artifices of our modern theaters render unattainable. It is the realism of the actual event, at which the audience assists, not the realism of a scene to which the audience is transported by the painter's skill, and in which the actor plays a somewhat subordinate part. Elizabethan representations of Shakespeare's plays have become quite familiar performances in England, where the Elizabethan Stage Society of London and Ben Greet have both done notable work. In this country it is all somewhat newer. Last season Mr. Greet gave *Twelfth Night* and *The Merchant of Venice* in New York and Boston, with great success, and he has presented *Twelfth Night* throughout the country generally, in the Elizabethan manner, and the play, given in this fashion, has not only pleased the critical, but has drawn the public in sufficiently large numbers to make the venture distinctly profitable.

There is hardly anything more foolish than to teach a girl languages when she could have much more fun and be much more useful learning how to manage a house.

in his late friend's writings; then followed "Readings by Members of the Round Table Club," with vocal interpretations very sweetly rendered by Mrs. Charles E. Saunders, who was accompanied in a most sympathetic way by one who thought of the singer and entered into the composer, Ernest Whyte's, spirit, in all the melodies, especially the joyous *Spring Song*. Between the artistic decorations, chiefly of marshmallows, wild cherry blossoms and trilliums, so in keeping with the poems, the youthful exponents and the appreciative friend, one came away feeling what a refined, elevating evening one had spent—and one marking an epoch—listening to home-grown songs and poems, showing that "sweetness in life" is developing in this fair Canada of ours.

Miss McLimont of Ottawa and her niece, Miss Jessie Gilmour, have returned home after a lengthy visit at the Welland, St. Catharines.

A correspondent writes: "In society circles in Lindsay the annual closing meeting of the Afternoon Euchre Club has been looked upon as one of the society events of the town. So popular has this club become that it is with difficulty that any private house can be found large enough for the entertainment of the club and its friends. This year Mrs. Hughes offered her large and handsome home, and so this long-anticipated event took place there. Mrs. Hughes and Miss Hughes received the members of the club and their friends in the drawing-room. About twenty-five tables of players took part in the evening's games. A number of ladies and gentlemen refrained from playing and enjoyed themselves keeping the score and watching with what earnestness and zest the gamblers were play-

ing. After supper Colonel Hughes, who had come up from Ottawa to be present, and who added much to the enjoyment of his guests, presented the prizes, as follows: The club prizes—1, Mrs. E. Benson; 2, Mrs. E. Gregory; the evening prizes—first, Miss Harstone, Mr. T. W. Greer; lone hands, Miss Sylvester, Dr. Burrows; booby, Miss T. Benson, Mr. J. Walker. The club made also two presentations, one to Mrs. Hughes and the other to Mrs. Harstone, who is secretary. After the prizes were presented the young people enjoyed themselves dancing, whilst the older ones passed away an hour or two at a quiet game of bridge. The wee sma' hours of Friday morning saw the close of one of the most enjoyable and successful closing meetings of a club that enjoys a reputation for the success of its gatherings."

One day at a time! Every heart that aches Knowing only too well how long they can seem; But its never-to-day which the spirit breaks. It's the darkened future, without a gleam.

Paying for experience is almost as valuable to a man as betting on horse-races.

Some men are so liberal-hearted they pray for the furnace to break down, so it can't burn coal.

It spoils all a woman's enjoyment to be out riding in an automobile and not meet anybody she knows.

It almost makes a man want to jump off a ten-story building to think of the kind of letters he could write to a girl before he ever imagined she would throw them up at him after they were married.

